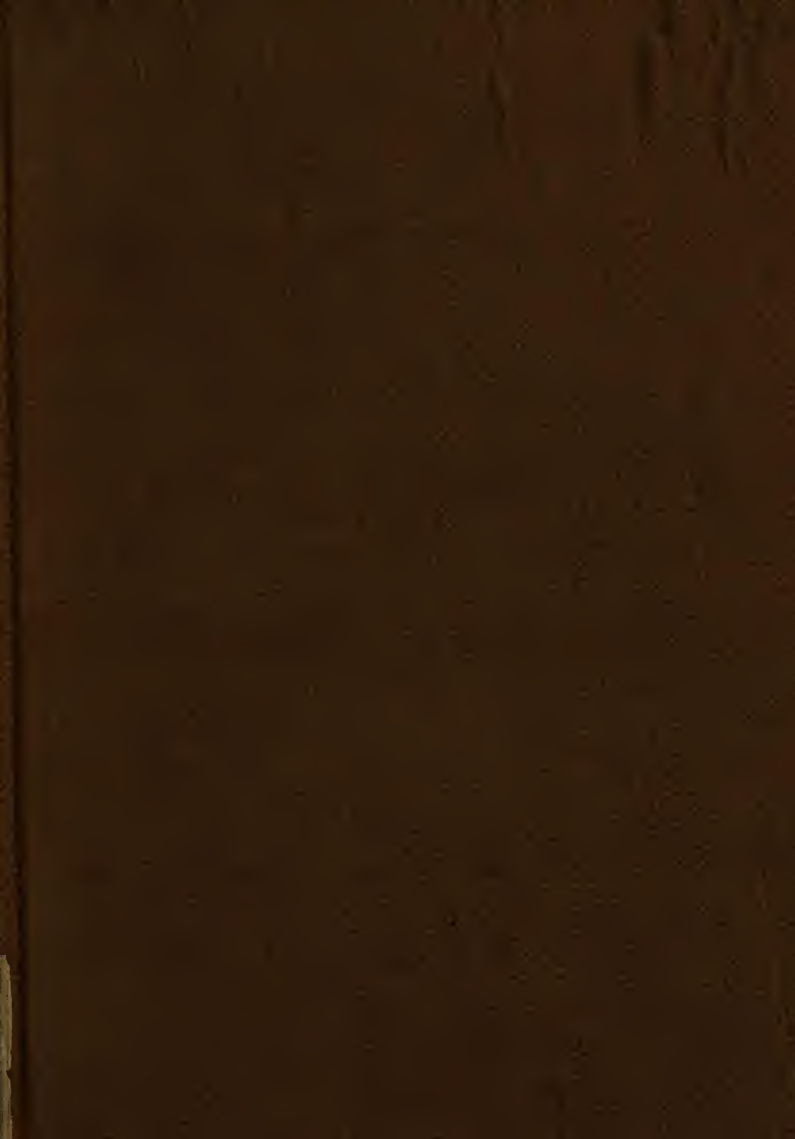
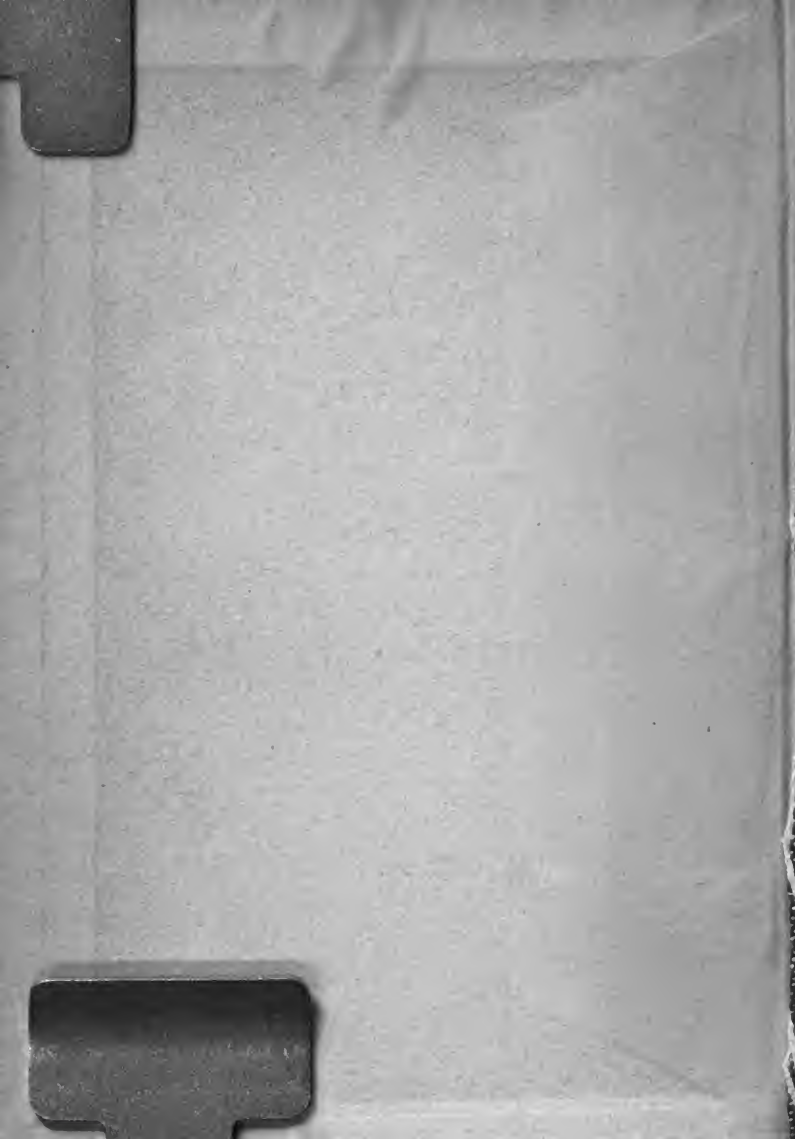










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VOL. 448.

FREDERICK THE GREAT BY CARLYLE

VOL. 5.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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VOL. CCCCXLVIII.

FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. V.





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HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

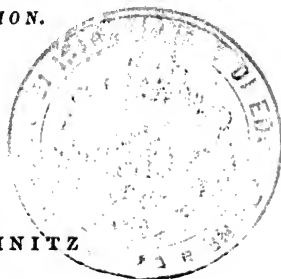
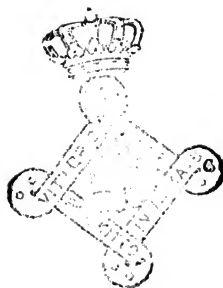
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VOL. V.

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BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

IN the Newyear's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garretteers of the period, was a royal drama dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain; much guessed. "Something in the rumour!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present; but bound for Warsaw shortly, — just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little; and is on the road from Dresden homewards again; — will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as his wont is on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness; the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon: greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden, — “having just opened the Carnival” or fashionable Season there, opened and nothing more, — January 10th, 1733;* being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand. On which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin, to intersect him, in the Neumark, about Crossen; and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly; — there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon; and such a dinner and night of drinking, as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the

* Fassmann: *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.

Kaiser said at Kladrap lately: there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says, they drank all night, endeavouring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it; drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion.* It is certain, August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. — Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough; — if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader, out of these multifarious Notebooks in my possession:

“August, by change of his religion, and other sad operations, got to be what they called the King of Poland, thirty-five years ago; but, though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of stinging-nettles to the poor man, — a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual

* *Œuvres de Frédéric (Mémoires de Brandebourg)*, i. 163.

“who had least of his real will done in public matters, has
“been, with infinite management, and display of such good-
“humour as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign
“Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings
“over him; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable; — very
“fanatical too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy
“was more than a sham one, not even when he made his Prince
“apostatise too. Their Sovereignty has been a mere peck of
“troubles, disgraces and vexations: for those thirty-five years,
“an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly
“tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

“August, for a long time back, has been thinking of
“schemes to clap some lid upon all that. To make the
“Sovereignty hereditary in his House: that, with the good
“Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy; — and in fact it
“is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated long ago,
“in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris, — much
“charmed with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets,
“With their *liberum veto*, and ‘right of confederation’ and
“rebellion, they would bring the Country down under the feet
“of mankind, and reduce their Republic to zero one day, if
“they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With some
“Hereditary King over it, and a regulated Saxony to lean
“upon: truly might it not be a change to the better? To the
“worse, it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong; and
“goes intent upon that method, this long while back; — and
“at length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just
“assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually
“begin.

“The difficulties truly are many; internal and external:
“— but there are calculated methods, too. For the internal:
“Get up, by bribery, persuasion, some visible Minority to
“countenance you; with these manœuvre in the Diets; on the

“back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. But then what will
“the neighbouring Kings say? The neighbouring Kings,
“with their big-mouthed manifestoes, pities for an oppressed
“Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to ‘con-
“federate’ and revolt: without their tolerance first had,
“nothing can be done. That is the external difficulty. For
“which too there is a remedy. Cut off sufficient outlying
“slices of Poland; fling these to the neighbouring Kings to
“produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections
“of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks
“King August.

“Neighbouring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it
“is not grievous that Poland should remain in perennial
“anarchy, in perennial impotence; the reverse rather: a dead
“horse, or a dying, in the next stall, — he at least will not
“kick upon us, think the neighbouring Kings. And yet, —
“under another similitude, — you do not like your next-door
“neighbour to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke
“issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof, as
“a perennial phenomenon? August will conciliate the neigh-
“bouring Kings. Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there,
“shall have not only Courland peaceably henceforth, but the
“Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying slices; that
“surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria on its Hungarian
“Border, let us give the Country of Zips; — nay there are
“other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto
“refused as contrary to plain rights of ours, — that, if
“conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wil-
“helm we could give West-Prussen; West-Prussen torn
“away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the
“very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that
“conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wil-

"helm, close at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by far the most important.

"These are August's plans: West-Prussen for the nearest Neighbour; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania and appendages for the Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neighbours; as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the 'Partition of Poland,' such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since. Partition of Poland, — *minus* the compact interior held under government, by a King with Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective Partition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever; and had to be again partitioned, and cut away altogether, — with new torrents of loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

"It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares with August: but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some glimpse into the dim program of them; and August wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humour towards them. Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously pressed drink on one another, all night (11th-12th January 1733, as I compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf a royal domain near by), with the view of mutually fishing out those secrets; — and killed one another in the business, as is rumoured."

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming, I did not hear; but he continues very low and shaky; — refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double-Marriage, and breaking off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade: but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it; and command new strenuous attempts, — literally at the last moment; which is now come.

CHAPTER VII.

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

SINCE November last, Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin, — first visit since her marriage; — she stays there for almost ten months; not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha, ha," said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding up a light, to take view of me: "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Fredericka" (my little Baby at Baireuth) "doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat; and but for me you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to give you much; but I will do what I can, I will give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou douze florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "You will sometimes give her an old dress; for the poor child hasn't a shift to her back."* This

* Wilhelmina, II. 85.

rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina, in her weak state; and she was like "to burst in her skin," poor Princess.

So that, — except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, "over from Pasewalk" and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her; in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine towards her, she could always find shelter and defence, — native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here: chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor; and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here, either, on the finance side; no real hope anywhere (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him) except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf; "and in the mean while there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!" thinks he.* Poor Princess, in her weak shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil; but always cutting its way, and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two** ran over from

* Wilhelmina, II. 81-111.

** "18th November," she says; which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is).

Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and "blushed" when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you, but *Yes* or *No*," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape, completely: considerable waddings, I promise you: and then" — still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here. Wicked Charlotte; who is to be her Sister-in-law soon; — and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better! — Crown-Prince retired, directly after supper; as did I, to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

"To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, 'That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favour, sometimes in disgrace; — that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppin; study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there, and laid out a Garden, where he could read, and walk about.' Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. 'We are alone,' replied he, 'and I will conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister Char-

“lotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict
“the King’s will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick
“Match;— which I declined. That is the source of her venom.
“against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself,
“I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete
“dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She
“is pretty, a complexion lily-and-rose; her features delicate;
“face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no
“breeding, and dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, when
“she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her
“in hand. I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg
“your protection for her.’ It is easy to judge, my answer
“would be such as he desired.”*

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first-hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumours new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf’s hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last; but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow’s Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong’s farewell next morning, “Adieu, “dear Grumkow; I think, I shall not see you again!” as he rolled off towards Warsaw and the Diet, — will require farther notice; but must stand over till this Marriage be got done. Of which latter Event, — Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books

into some light for us, — the essential particulars are briefly as follows.

Monday, 8th June 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppın: King, Queen and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam; and they set off with due retinues towards Wolfenbüttel, towards Salzdahlum the Ducal Schloss there, — Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was "plunged in black melancholy;" King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace, — one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture-Galleries no-end; a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts: — reached Salzdahlum, Wednesday the 10th; where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning, this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty who is still in bed: — "Pardon, your Majesty: what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna; in Prince Eugene's hand; — Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something, while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter, "Give up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty

reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it; — and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!"* Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum; — may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether, for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday, 12th June 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect: Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumours and whispers, in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Despatches and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do; a quite human Wedding now and afterwards. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim: readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim; he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony: and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose; — and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister, which has been preserved:

* Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii. 148-55; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State-Paper Office here.

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin.

"Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June 1783.

"My dear Sister, — A minute since, the whole Ceremony
"was got finished; and God be praised it is over! I hope you
"will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the
"first news of it.

"I hope I shall have the honour to see you again soon;
"and to assure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours
"(tout à vous). I write in great haste; and add nothing
"that is merely formal. Adieu.*

"FRÉDÉRIC."

One Keyserling, the Prince's favourite gentleman, came over express, with this Letter, and the more private news; Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said, The Prince was inwardly "well content with his lot; though he had kept up the old farce to the last; and pretended to be in frightful humour, on the very morning; bursting out upon his valets in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive," — recognising, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, "was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick Court; but could not endure the Princess-Royal" (new Wife), "and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (*comme des chiens*)."

** Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by, to help his stipend) preached

* *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 9. ** Wilhelmina, ii. 114.

27th June 1793.

next Sunday, "On the Marriage of the Righteous," — felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful Public;* — and in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday, both the Majesties set out towards Potsdam again; "where his Majesty," having business waiting, "arrived some time before the Queen." Thither also, before the week ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich, with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road, — duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions, at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns; — grand entrance of the Princess-Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw: no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin, there is a Review of unexampled splendour; "above eighty carriages of us," and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four A.M.; — poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died, of heat and thirst and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun; before the Review could end itself, and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess-Royal at the head of it.**

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, "all Berlin

* Text, Psalm xcii. 12; "Sermon printed in Moshelm's Works."

** Wilhelmina, li. 127-129.

ruining itself in dresses and equipages," we will say nothing farther; but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess-Royal, on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess-Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review; Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher in the poor young creature; — Thursday, June 25th, 1733:

"The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then "seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much "heated and dispowdered (*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother "take her to her own room. I followed them thither. My "Brother said to her, introducing me: 'This is a Sister I "adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had "the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, "and help you with her good counsel; I wish you to respect "her beyond even the King and Queen, and not to take the "least step without her advice: do you understand?' I embraced the Princess-Royal, and gave her every assurance "of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered "her myself, and readjusted her dress a little; without the "least sign of thanks from her, or any answer to all my "caressings. My Brother got impatient at last; and said "aloud: 'Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): "thank my Sister then!' She made me a curtsy, on the "model of that of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. I took her "back to the Queen's Apartment; little edified by such a display of talent.

"The Princess-Royal is tall; her figure is not fine; stooping slightly, or hanging forward, as she walks or stands, which gives her an awkward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the liveliest colours: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small, — dainty (*mignons*) rather than beautiful: — and the countenance altogether is so innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill-set; which are a disfigurement in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of tact; has much difficulty in speaking, and making herself understood: for most part you are obliged to guess what she means; which is very embarrassing."*

The Berlin gaieties, — for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess-Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence,** — did not end, and the serene Guests disappear, till far on in July. After which an Inspection with Papa; and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin, and his old way of life there. Intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life; varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin; — where as yet the Princess-Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart, if little articulate intellect; considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough; — and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire*

* Wilhelmina, II. 119-121.

** 2d July 1732.

la fâchée), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuller and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppín existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppín quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.*

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin; all trimmed and furnished, for occasional residences there; the late "Government House" (originally *Schomberg House*), new-built, — which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess-Royal had *Schönhausen* given her; a pleasant royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppín side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support; the "Amt of Ruppín," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppín are, is not communicated; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal, — and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful; but he borrows all round, under seven-fold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England: and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Acces-

* Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so, in advanced years.

sion, he pays with exactitude, — sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin, by the first courier that goes.*

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty: but he means to be kind, bountiful; and occasionally launches out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppín, some miles north of them, — his Majesty, without word spoken, straight-way purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner; gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind.** Which the Crown-Prince did, with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it, to reside; — yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg; — got up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us. In which improved locality we shall by and by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

* Despatch (of adjacent date) in the State-Paper Office here.

** 23d Oct. 1733-16th March 1734 (Preuss, i. 75).

CHAPTER VIII.

KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an Event fallen out. Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as "during the marriage festivities;"* but it was four good months earlier. Event which we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last, we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another, by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. "In my presence," says Wilhelmina, "and that of forty persons," for the thing was much talked about, "Grumkow said to the King one morning: Ah Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake, last night; all on a sudden, the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud: he gazed fixedly at me: I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared!" Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin, in a day or two when the Courier came. "Died at the very time

* *(Euvres (Mém. de Brandebourg), t. 163.*

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"of the phantom; Death and phantom were the same night," say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public, — but do not say *what* night for either of them it was.* By help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. "They had been sad at parting," Wilhelmina says, "having drank im-mensities of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weep-ing over his Grumkow: 'Adieu, my dear Grumkow,' "said he, 'I shall never see you more!'"

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead; — and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble; waiting for him, at Warsaw; and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business; but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26-27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow, — "Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body, and its life, was done; and nothing remained but to call-in the Archbishop, with his extreme unctions and soul-apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on

* Wilhelmina, ii. 98: event happened, 1st February; news of it came to Berlin, 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; &c.



the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my "many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I "hope for mercy on the" — on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash; to have been frightfully rash: but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does, — a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August "laid his hand on his eyes," during such sad absolution-mummery; and in that posture had breathed his last, before it was well over.* Unhappy soul; who shall judge him? — transcendent King of edacious Flunkies; not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War. For which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Notebooks, are some main heads of the affair:

* "Sunday, 1st February 1733, quarter past 4 A.M." (Fassmann: *Leben Frederici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, pp. 994-997).

"On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do, but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it; and go home to consider a little whom they would elect.* A question weighty to Poland. And not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum veto*, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its Neighbours everywhere stood upon its skirts; asking, 'Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way; — we say, that way!' — and were apt to get to battle about it, before such a thing could be settled. A house, in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbour to! One honest interest the neighbours have, in an Election Crisis there, That the house do not get on fire, and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

"The poor house, during last Election Crisis, — when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts, as Opposition party, — fairly got into flame;** but was quenched down again by that stout Swede; and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran; and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out; and had to make way for August the Strong

* "Interregnum proclaimed," 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet, 21st April; — meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall begin 25th August: it must end in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

** Description of it in Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 228-230.

"again: — an ejected Stanislaus; King only in title; known
"to most readers of this time.*

"Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissen-
"burg and such places, in that Debateable French-German
"region, — which the French are more and more getting
"stolen to themselves, in late centuries: — generally on the
"outskirts of France he lives; having now connexions of the
"highest quality with France. He has had fine Country-
"houses in that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, *Deux-Ponts*) region;
"had always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money, —
"a sinecure Country-gentleman life; — and no complaints
"have been heard from him. Charles XII., as proprietor of
"Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts for
"refuge; and in general, easy days have been the lot of
"Stanislaus there.

"Nor has History spoken of him since, except on one
"small occasion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at
"a certain crisis of their game, chose a Daughter of his to be
"Wife for young Louis XV., and bring royal progeny, of
"which they were scarce. This was in 1724-5; Duc de
"Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding
"that the best move. A thing wonderful to the then Ga-
"zetteers, for nine days; but not now worth much talk.
"The good young Lady, it is well known, a very pious crea-
"ture, and sore tried in her new station, did bring royal
"progeny enough, — and might as well have held her hand,
"had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls!
"This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-

* Stanislaus Lesczinsky, "Woywode of Posen," born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death, to Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country): Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56. — Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I, Roi de Pologne* (English Translation, London, 1741), pp. 96-126; &c.

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"gentleman, in his French-German rustication. One other
"thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten
"years: in Zweibrück Country, or somewhere in that French-
"German region, he 'built a pleasure-cottage,' conceivable
"to the mind, 'and called it *Schuh/lick* (Shoe-Patch),'* — a
"name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent
"soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now
"to quit Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle;
"to come on the public stage again, poor man; and suffer a
"second season of mischances and disgraces still worse than
"the first. As we shall see presently; — a new Polish Election
"Crisis having come! —

"What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen
"for King if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not im-
"portant; and indeed was never asked, in this or in late
"Elections. Not the individual who could have *been* a King
"among them were they, for a long time back, in the habit
"of seeking after; not him, but another and indeed reverse
"kind of individual, — the one in whom there lay most *nourish-*
"*ment*, nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for
"a practical Polish Grandee. So that the question was no
"longer of the least importance, to Poland or the Universe;
"and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies had ceased to have
"it put, in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland; but In-
"trusive Neighbours, carrying Grandees of Poland 'in their
"breeches-pocket' (as our phrase is), were the voting parties.
"To that pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had
"Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting:
"the frugal Destinies had ceased to ask about their vote; and
"they were become machines for voting with, or pistols for
"fighting with, by bad Neighbours who cared to vote! Nor

* Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 1194.

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"did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method, "either; but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that "too, in about forty years more."

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbours, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude; — which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into coöperation, — offering fine baits, "Berg and-Jülich" again, among others; — but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland, other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter; and compliance, not coöperation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Coöperating or even complying, these Three could have settled it; and would, — had no other Neighbour interfered. But other neighbours *can* interfere; any neighbour that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter! And that proved to be the case, in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had, — a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and fore-

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sight being always good, — privately come to an understanding,* “in case of a Polish Election:

“1^o. That France was to have no hand in it what-ever — no tool of France to be King; or as they more “politely expressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, “No Piast or native Pole could be eligible.

“2^o. That neither could August’s Son, the new “August, who would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be “admitted King of Poland. — And, on the whole,

“3^o. That an Emanuel Prince of Portugal would “be the eligible man.” Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal’s Brother; a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us; gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere; but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was: he is to be the Polish King, — vote these Intrusive Neighbours. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask; finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbours settled this matter; — or rather, I should say, so had Two of them; for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterwards, nothing in this Election, but that it should not take fire and kindle him. Two of the Neighbours: and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester; France and Saxony being both hateful to him, — obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina,

* 31st December 1731, “Treaty of Löwenwolde” (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii. 223.

Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted; I do not learn, — unless it were peaceable hold of Courland; or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe; — which might have effects by and by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet. Nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect; but much the contrary, — other Neighbours having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant Neighbour: Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all; and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near Neighbour; but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France: — who may be called the "*Father of France*," in a sense, or even the "*Grandfather*;" his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "*Child of France*"? Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland; that it will behove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say, old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, — having got himself in readiness, "*with Lorraine in his eye*;" and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Ambassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Ambassador opens himself largely, at Warsaw,

by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity; — and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

“*August 25th, 1733.* This day the Polish Election begins. “So has the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered “it; — Preliminary Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority “like to be ‘thrown out of window,’ to be ‘shot through the “head,’ on some occasions.* Actual Election begins; continues *sub dio*, ‘in the Field of Wola,’ in a very tempestuous “fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has “his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, ‘to protect “the freedom of election;’ Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal “Lacy, lying on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; “will increase them to 50,000, as the plot thickens.

“So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of; and French “interference is, with a vengeance, — and Stanislaus, a born “Piast, is overwhelmingly the favourite. Intolerable to “Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich Wilhelm, who “privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfürst August of Saxony is the other Candidate, — with troops of “his own in the distance, but without support in Poland; “and depending wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his “chance, And our ‘three settled points’ are gone to water “in this manner!

“August seeing there was not the least hope in Poland’s “own vote, judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: ‘Imperial Majesty, I will accept your Pragmatic Sanction root “and branch, swallow it whole; make me King of Poland!’ “Done!’ answers Imperial Majesty; ** brings the Czarina over,

* *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.

** 16th July 1733: Treaty in Schöll, ii. 224-231.

"by good offers of August's and his; — and now there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian Ambassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice, like the French one; open their purse, and bestir themselves; but with no success in the Field of Wola, except to the stirring up of noise and tumult there. They must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola, and of Poland, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

"*September 7th.* A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in Warsaw, — one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory towards these Coasts: and there is in truth a Gentleman in Stanislaus's Clothes on board there; — to make the Newspapers believe. Stanislaus himself drove through Berlin, a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at the Gate, to be speedy with the passports, — whom Friedrich Wilhelm affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the 10th of the month, Stanislaus being now rested and trimmed, makes his appearance on the Field of Wola itself; and captivates all hearts by the kind look of him. So that, on the second day after, 12th September 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected: with acclamation, with enthusiasm; and sees himself actual King of Poland, — if France send proper backing to continue him there. As, surely, she will not fail? — But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000; and reinforcements in the rear of him.

"*September 22d.* Russians advancing more and more, no French help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing against regular musketry, — King Stanislaus finds that he will have to quit Warsaw,

"and seek covert somewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; gets
"covert in Dantzig. And, in fact, from this 22d of Sep-
"tember, day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugi-
"tive, blockaded, besieged Stanislaus: an Imaginary King
"thenceforth. His Real Kingship had lasted precisely ten
"days.

"October 3d. Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs
"of Warsaw, intent upon 'protecting freedom of election.'
"Bridges being broken, they do not yet cross the River, but
"invite the free electors to come across, and vote: 'A real
"King is very necessary, — Stanislaus being an imaginary
"one, brought in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people
"out of window, and the like.' The free electors do not
"cross. Whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and
"not to be thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him,
"proceed to elect August of Saxony: he, on the 5th of Octo-
"ber, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen and
"declared the real King; — 'twelve senators and about six
"hundred gentlemen' voting for him there, free they in
"Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under com-
"pulsion when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish
"Election, so far as Poland can settle it. We said the Destinies
"had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; it
"is other people who have now got the real power of voting.
"But that is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if im-
"portant to anybody."

August is crowned in Cracow before long; "August
III.," whom we shall meet again in important circum-
stances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August;
able, they, to disperse all manner of enthusiastic Polish
Chivalry; which indeed, we observe, usually stands but

one volley from the Russian musketry; and flies elsewhere, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzic, — an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on fire; Dantzic stands Siege.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin, in the first months of his wedded life there. With what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbour; and these Polish troubles reach far enough; — the ever-smoking house having taken fire; and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbour, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders; and will not interfere on one or the other side, for any persuasion.

Dantzic, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege; furious lengthy siege, — with enthusiastic defence; "a Lady of Rank firing off the first gun," against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzic, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February — June 1734) we shall say nothing, — our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzic, — except:

First, That no French help came, or as good as

none; the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1,500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzic. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery "came by post;" two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2,000 men, some say 4,000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men);* — but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressibly day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzic, night of 27th June 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously towards Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection.** Whereby the Siege of Dantzic ended in chamade, and levying of

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31.

** Narrative by himself, in *History*, pp. 235-248.

penalties; penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzic, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner;* — having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us. Whitherward we now hasten.

* Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (pp. 71-83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de- Camp.

CHAPTER IX.

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

FRANZ of Lorraine, the young favourite of Fortune, whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Arch-duchess; Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendour looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it, — had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is: this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep: and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down, all his days; and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present! —

Scarcely had the news of August's Election, and

Stanislaus's flight to Dantzic, reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he the Kaiser had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that in consequence the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser," — and in fact had, that very day (14th October 1733), begun it. Had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents; and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl. Kehl Fortress; a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which cannot resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders; minding his neighbour's business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction, in those inflammable localities!

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised, the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two, — ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades, — France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit;

till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed; and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say; — or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury; but at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway:* Sardinia, Spain declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only, and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself lies at his discretion, — owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France, and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! Moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme; his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling; and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers: "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate." — "Ne-

* 29th October 1733. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), II. 303.

"gotiate!" answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken-glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty; "Sardinian doorkeeper of the Alps," who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty!" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos, made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty; what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos; — and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of apanages?" The Termagant of Spain, "offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready: and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy; great Marshal Villars himself taking the command. Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman, somewhat of a friend, or husband of a lady-friend, to M. de Voltaire, for one thing; — and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken glass to pay for meddling in neighbours' elections before. The year was not yet ended, when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighetone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the

Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. "sings *Te-deum* at Paris, 23d December 1733"* — a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above fourscore, soon died of those fatigues; various Marshals, Broglie, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War, in the Italian part of it.

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years; the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War, on his part, as a Being Beaten and Being Stript. The scene was Italy and the Upper-Rhine Country of Germany, Italy the deciding scene; where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events, on both stages, are chronologically somewhat as follows; — beginning with Italy:

"*March 29th, 1734.* Baby Carlos with a Duke of Montemar "for General, a difficult impetuous gentleman, very haughty "to the French allies and others, lands in Naples Territory; "intending to seize the Two Sicilies, according to bargain. "They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, and their enterprise "extremely feasible.

"*May 10th,* Baby Carlos, — whom we ought to call Don "Carlos, who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the

* *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV* (Paris, 1766), i. 248.

"great horse, — makes triumphant entry into Naples, having
"easily swept the road clear; styles himself 'King of the Two
"Sicilies' (Papa having surrendered him his 'right' there);
"whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as
"such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves, rather
"strongly, at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

"*May 25th.* Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms
"them there; — which feat procures for him the title, Duke
"of Bitonto; and finishes off the First of the Sicilies. And
"indeed, we may say, finishes Both the Sicilies; our poor
"Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor means
"of sending any; the Sea-Powers having buttoned their
"pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being
"on the waters there.

"We need only add, on this head, that, for ten months
"more Baby Carlos and Montemar went about besieging,
"Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse; and making triumphal entries;
"— and that, on the 30th of June 1735, Baby Carlos had him-
"self fairly crowned at Palermo:* 'King of the Two Sicilies'
"*de facto*; in which eminent post he and his continue, not with
"much success, to this day.

"That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy
"again, now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and
"Broglios have succeeded:

"*June 29th, 1734.* Kaiser, rallying desperately for reco-
"very of the Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von
"Mercy leader of it: Battle of Parma between the French
"and it (29th June); — totally lost by the Kaiser's people,
"after furious fighting; Graf von Mercy himself killed in
"the action. Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us,
"a Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's
"Husband, a brave man and Austrian soldier, who was

* *Fastes de Louis XV*, i. 278.

"much regretted by Wilhelmina and the rest; his death and
"obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth in this
"agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at
"every point.

"September 15th. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people
"rally, — under a General Graf von Königseck worth noting
"by us, — and after some manœuvring, in the Guastalla-
"Modena region, on the Secchia and Po rivers there, dex-
"trously steal across the Secchia that night (15th September),
"cutting off the small guard-party at the ford of the Secchia,
"then wading silently; and burst in upon the French Camp
"in a truly alarming manner.* So that Broglio, in command
"there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say 'in his
"shirt,' — till he got some force rallied, and managed to
"retreat more Parthian-like upon his brother Maréchal's Di-
"vision. Artillery, war-chest, secret correspondence, 'King
"of Sardinia's tent,' and much cheering plunder beside Bro-
"glio's odd boot, were the consequences; the Kaiser's one
"success in this War; abolished, unluckily, in four days! —
"The Broglio who here gallops is the second French Maréchal
"of the name, son of the first; a military gentleman whom
"we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A son of
"this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, present at the Secchia
"that bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastille-time,
"fifty-five years hence, — unfortunate old War-god, the Ti-
"tans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot,
"it is but a triumph over him till —

"September 19th. Battle of Guastalla, that day. Battle
"lost by the Kaiser's people, after eight hours hot fighting;
"who are then obliged to hurry across the Secchia again; —
"and in fact do not succeed in fighting any more in that
"quarter, this year or afterwards. For, next year (1795),

* Hormayr, xx. 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

"Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies, he can assist in these Northern operations; and Noailles, a better Maréchal, replaces the Broglio and Coigny there; who, with learned strategic movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable thenceforth.

"This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns, in the Italian, which was the decisive, part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader sees; a Being Stript, till one was nearly bare in that quarter."

Course of the War, in the German part of it.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether. For there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a "basis on the Rhine;" free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone: and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all. Strong Town of Philipsburg, well down towards Speyer-and-Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine:* here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied, since the first day of the

* Map at p. 80.

War; Trarbach, strong-place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, cannot be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn 1734); Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same; — Kaiser striving to hinder; but in a most paralysed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And — and this properly *was* the German War; the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them; — and by the Germans, there was “burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs.” And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvring under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation, before and after, was the sum-total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least

history from us, were it not for one circumstance: That our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there. A Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us, on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some "eighty Princes of the Reich," a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something: this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications, in the History Books, we have as good as none; but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*, — much studying to be brief, were it possible!

CHAPTER X.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN.

THE Kaiser, — with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te-deum* in the Christmas-time for what Villars in Italy had done, — applied, in passionate haste, to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologise for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf;* — it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reichs-Army* (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one. And if Prince Eugene, who is *Reichs-Feldmarschall*, one of the *two* *Feldmarschalls*, get the Generalship as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine, this summer of 1734.

Unhappily the *Reichs-Army*, raised from multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg-and-Jülich matter; old Kur-Pfalz, and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*, Bavaria and Cologne,

* 18th March 1734 (Buchholz, i. 131).

who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz), — quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reichs-Army. And in regard to the Reichs-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls; one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake: illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic; — but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reichs-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion; — Commander-in-Chief for the Reich, when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down: I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reichs-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequalled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's Successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feld-

Feb.-June 1734.

marshalls!" cries the *Corpus Evangelicorum*; "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side, there appear two Candidates; one of them not much expected by the reader: no other than Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law; whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend the Old Dessauer; who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser, — he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying, upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last: but they cannot both have it; and what will Württemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be Four Reichs-Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm; "Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?" — Excellent! answers the Reich: and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being; no lack of commanders to the Reichs-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first; but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and indeed he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and in fact they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little, — only

the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.*

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take; though considerable offers were made him on both sides, — offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.** But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel: and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish Election; — keeps ward on his own frontiers, with good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name; only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

But seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), "To assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men;" and this engagement he intends amply to fulfil. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ("Reich's assent"

* *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranft), p. 127; Buchholz, i. 131.

** By De la Chétardie, French Ambassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i. 130).

is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy; and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed: and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, "in three divisions," fairly appears in that quarter; his purpose evident. So that the Reichs-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous, and reinforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reichs-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, "8th April:"* eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them; — a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief; — and will arrive, though the farthest off, "first of all the Reich's Contingents;" 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

* Fassmann, p. 495.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers; — especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too: as Colonel of Goltz, it might have had its unsuitabilities, in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner, from Dantzic down to Naples; and what his own share in it shall be: this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich, — the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes; and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind.* He writes in German, and in the intimate style of *Thou*:

"*Ruppin, 23d February 1734.* My dear Brother, — I can "with pleasure answer that the King has spoken of thee altogether favourably to me" (scrape now abolished, for the time): — "and I think it would not have an ill effect, wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps; so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, pp. 8, 9.

"I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of
"Champagne; and wish" all manner of good things.

"FRIDERICH."*

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm, — who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes; and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march;** he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go; as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves, — Karl, who was once our neighbour in Cüstrin; and the Younger Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General? — To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum-total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful, that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

"The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the
"Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bi-
"shops of Speyer, who sometimes resided there,*** has been
"dismantled and refortified, has had its Rhine-bridge torn
"down and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party,
"now by that, 'having right of garrison there;' nay France
"has sometimes had 'the right of garrison;' — and the poor
"little Town has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly

* *Ceuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 10.

** 16th April 1734 (*Ib.* part 1st, p. 14n).

*** Köhler: *Münabelustigungen*, vi. 169.

"about in the Succession-Wars and perpetual controversies
"between France and Germany in that quarter. In the time
"we are speaking of, it has a 'flying-bridge' (of I know not
"what structure), with fortified 'bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*)',
"on the western or France-ward side of the River. Town's
"Bulwarks, and complex engineering defences, are of good
"strength, all put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kai-
"ser have an effective garrison there, and a commandant
"determined on defence to the uttermost: — what the un-
"fortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number,
"thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bomb-
"shells, History gives not the least hint anywhere. 'Quite
"used to it!' thinks History, and attends to other points.

"The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward
"the heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By
"way of defence to this Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough
"Wars, there was, about forty miles southward, or higher
"up the River than Philipsburg, a military line or chain of
"posts; going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine,
"with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog
"and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities, — *Lines of Stollhofen*,
"the name of it, — which well-devised barrier did good service
"for certain years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year
"of their existence, year 1707, that Villars, the same Villars
"who is now in Italy, 'stormed the Lines of Stollhofen;' which
"made him famous that year.

"The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat
"again; but Eugene remembers them, and, I could guess, —
"it was he who suggests a similar expedient. At all events,
"there is a similar expedient fallen upon; *Lines of Ettlingen*
"this time; one half nearer Philipsburg; running from Mühl-
"burg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills.*

* Map at p. 80.

"Nearer, by twenty miles; and, I guess, much more slightly done. We shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment: — and they would not be worth mentioning at all, except that in careless Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,* and the ingenuous reader is sent "wandering on his map to no purpose."

"Lines of *Ettlingen*" they are; related, as now said, to the *Stollhofen* set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about, within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg; — eagerly waiting till the Reichs-Army gather to him; otherwise he must come to nothing. Will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favour of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On Mayday, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in this quarter, "in three divisions," for a month past, — very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure, — did actually cross the Rhine, with his second division, "at Fort Louis," well up the River, well south of Philipsburg; intending to attack the Lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which shall attack the Lines simultaneously from within, — that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his de-

* Wilhelmina (il. 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them "Lines of *Stokoff*" even.

fensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterwards Maréchal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen, May 3d; bivouacks "at the base of the mountain" (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood, — and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them: a somewhat inconsiderable matter after all! Here is Noailles's own account:

"These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted "of big trees set zigzag (*en échiquier*), twisted together by the "branches; the whole about five fathoms thick. Inside of it "were a small forlorn of Austrians: these steadily await our "grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we are close. "Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the intertwisted "trees, after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy-five "killed and wounded); and — the enemy quits his post; and "the Lines of Ettlingen are stormed!* This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen; a thing to make Noailles famous "in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small "feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, "Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on "the other or Mühlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now "victorious, galloped to forbid); and what was far more considerable, those other French, to the northward, 'upon

* Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii. 207.

"pontoons," are fairly across; like to be upon the *back* of "Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is come to nothing; hastily collects "his people from their various posts; retreats with them that "same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn; and gives up the "command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there, — "who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of "Ettlingen, and said, 'No matter, after all!'"

Berwick now forms the Siege, at his discretion; invests Philipsburg, 13th May;* begins firing, night of the 3d-4th June; — Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reichs-Army come up. The Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th; the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down towards Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps, close to rearward of the besieging French. "Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal with bogs, on the left, being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a two-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people, "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!" — and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swoln by melting of the mountain-

* Berwick, ii. 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii. 210).

snows, as is usual there. Which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: "Haste?" answered the War-minister always: "We shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?" — "Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations; and to take the circumstances; — and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stept out of the trenches, anxious for clear view of something; stept upon "the crest of the sap," a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers, — and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon-ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command; "Paris in great anxiety," say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defence; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy, we hear there is marching, strategizing in the Parma Country; Count von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzic by this time is all wrapt in fire-whirlwinds; its sallyings

and outer defences all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapt up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and "the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun" have a bad outlook there. Towards the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg, — and that is properly the one point we are concerned with. Which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning, he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more; and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, towards Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzic, "disguised as a cattle-dealer;" got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him: got out, but cannot get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure alehouses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta, — a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzic is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search, all the keener, rises

in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,* Stanislaus does get across; and in time does reach Preussen; where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him, till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

Margraves, Generals and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra-post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighbourhood, a good two hundred miles off, — near Wilhelmina, and more than half-way to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth," — though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina, as he passed: therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, cannot be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for travelling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little Town twelve miles from Baireuth on the Hof road, will do; and that

* Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited: pp. 235-248).

2d July 1734.

Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina accordingly, is on the road that morning, early enough; Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honour of such a Brother: morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter; — at Berneck is no Crown-Prince, in the House appointed for him; hour after hour, Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals "lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;" were left behind there with their smiths, have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare; — dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last; which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War, — nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the Road to Berneck.*

"Hof, 2d July" (not long after 4 A.M.) "1734."

"My dear Sister, — Here am I within six leagues" (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) "of a Sister whom I love; and I have to decide that it will be impossible to see 'her after all!' — Does decide so accordingly, for reasons known to us.

"I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending 'on myself as at this moment! The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing: Monday

"come a week, when he arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in the Camp, if I were found to have disobeyed orders!

* * "The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I could not warrant you how sincere it was; for she is totally changed, and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could: however, that is over now. As to Sophie" (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf whom you know), "she also is no longer the same; for she approves all that the Queen says or does; and she is charmed with her big clown (*gros nîgaud*) of a Bridegroom.

"The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures one can do him," — marrying against one's will, and the like. "As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude, — for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

"Adieu, my adorable Sister: I am so tired, I cannot stir; having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock, from a Ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance; and am, for my own part, till death, dearest Sister," — Your — "FRIEDRICH."*

This is Letter First; written, Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed, after such fatigue; and it has, as natural in that mood, given up the matter in

2d July 1734.

despair. It did not meet Wilhelmina on the road; and she had left Bairéuth; — where it met her, I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences, of that same Friday:

“I got to Berneck at tep. The heat was excessive; I found “myself quite worn out with the little journey I had done. I “alighted at the House which had been got ready for my “Brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited, till “three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had “dinner served without him. Whilst we were at table, there “came on a frightful thunderstorm. I have witnessed nothing “so terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among “the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck; and it seemed as if “the world was going to perish: a deluge of rain succeeded “the thunder.

“It was four o'clock; and I could not understand what had “become of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on “horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came “back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the Hereditary “Prince” (my excellent Husband) “himself would go in “search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and nobody “returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of “rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the “roads get suddenly overflowed, and there often happen mis- “fortunes. I thought, for certain, there had one happened “to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince.” Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

“At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my “Brother had changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach” (a House of ours, lying westward, known to readers); “there

"to stay over night. I was for setting out thither, — Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck; but the roads are frightful," White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there, "and full of precipices: — every body rose in opposition; and, whether I would or not, they put me into the carriage for Himmelkron" (partly on the road thither), "which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road; the waters were so swollen" (White Mayn and its angry brooks), "the horses could not cross but by swimming.

"I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness; and in mortal terrors that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, about four o'clock, — had still no news farther of my Brother. I was beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that 'M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince Royal.' I darted out of bed, and ran to him. He," handing me a Letter, "brought word that" —

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuller view; and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible; and yet so very dangerous, — perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday: purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not;" — practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scat-

2d July 1734.

tered now by torrents and thunderstorms. This is the Letter, which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knobelsdorf).

"Münchberg, 2d July 1734.

"My dearest Sister, — I am in despair that I cannot satisfy "my impatience and my duty, — to throw myself at your feet "this day. But alas, dear Sister, it does not depend on me: "we poor Princes," the Margraves and I, "are obliged to "wait here till our Generals" (Bredow, Schulenburg and Com- "pany) "come up; we dare not go along without them. They "broke a wheel in Gera" (fifty miles behind us); "hearing no- "thing of them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. "Judge in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! "Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach: — forbear, "dear Sister, to torment me on things not depending on my- "self at all!

"I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to "you. I hope it might still be at Berneck," this evening, — "if you could contrive a road into the Nürnberg Highway "again; avoiding Baireuth: otherwise I dare not go. The "Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf" (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts*), "will apprise you of every "particular: let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be "possible. This is how I stand at present; and instead of "having to expect some favour from the King" (after what I

* Seyfarth (Anonymous): *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii. 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 33. *Preuss: Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 8, 17.

have done by his order), "I get nothing but chagrin. But what
"is crueller upon me than all, is that you are ill. God, in
"his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the pre-
"cious health which I so much wish you!" * *

"FRIEDRICH."*

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to
be this very morning at eight; Wilhelmina (whose
memory a little fails her in the insignificant points)
does not tell us where: but, by faint indications, I
perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion
in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fish-
pond, called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles
to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop, —
keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outwards, in
this manner. Eight o'clock: so that Wilhelmina is
obliged at once to get upon the road again, — poor
Princess, after such a day and night. Her description
of the interview is very good:

"My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found
"me in so pitiable a state, he could not restrain his tears. I
"was not able to stand on my limbs; and felt like to faint
"every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was
"much angered at the Margraf" (my Father-in-Law) "for
"not letting his Son make the Campaign," — concerning
which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent,
there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at
Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part, lest he should
get killed in the Wars. "I told him all the Margraf's reasons;

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 15.

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“and added, that surely they were good, in respect of my
 “dear Husband. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘let him quit soldiering then,
 “and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest,
 “quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he
 “do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will
 “be no blood spilt.’ — ‘They are at the Siege of Philipsburg,
 “however.’ — ‘Yes,’ said my Brother; ‘but there will not be
 “a Battle risked to hinder it.’”

“The Hereditary Prince,” my Husband, “came in while
 “we were talking so; and earnestly entreated my Brother to
 “get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and
 “talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told
 “me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf,
 “and give him such reasons in favour of the Campaign, that
 “he doubted not it would turn the scale. ‘We will stay to-
 “gether,’ said he, addressing the Hereditary Prince; ‘and
 “I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside
 “me.’ He wrote the Letter; gave it to Baron Stein” (Chamber-
 lain or Goldstick of ours), “to deliver to the Margraf. He
 “promised to obtain the King’s express leave to stop at Bai-
 “reuth on his return; — after which he went away. It was the
 “last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much
 “changed since then! — We returned to Baireuth; where I
 “was so ill that, for three days, they did not think I should
 “get over it.”*

Crown-Prince dashes off, southwestward, through
 cross country, into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to
 Nürnberg that same Saturday night; and there, among
 other Letters, writes the following; which will wind up
 this little Incident for us, still in a human manner:

* *Wilhelmina*, ii. 200-202.

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth.*

"Nürnberg, 3d July 1734.

"My dearest (*très-chère*) Sister, — It would be impossible "to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my "lively gratitude for all the marks of favour you showed me "in the *Weißerhaus*" (House on the Lake, today). "The "highest of all that it was possible to do, was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg "millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister; "but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances "well enough. In my great joy, I forgot to give you the "Enclosed. I entreat you, write me often, news of your "health! Question the Doctors; and" — and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince "would recommend goat's milk" for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after-life, a tendency to give medical advice, in cases interesting to him? —

"Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always "the same to you, and will remain so till my death.

"FRIEDRICH."*

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince, and now the Camp-Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg; and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done, — but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place-of-arms or central stronghold of the Reichs-Army, they reach on Monday: about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon, — not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July 1734, on some

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 57.

hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine-Valley yonder with its fire and counterfire; and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

“Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July 1734.

“Most All-gracious Father, * * We left Nürnberg” (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), “4th early, and did not “stop till Heilbronn; where, along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with the Equipage to “Eppingen” (twenty miles, a slow march, giving the fourgons time); “and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. I have dined with General Röder” (our Prussian Commander); “and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene “while giving the parole. I handed him my All-gracious “Father’s Letter, which much rejoiced him. After the “Parole, I went to see the relieving of our outposts” (change of sentries there), “and view the French retrenchment.

“We,” your Majesty’s Contingent, “are throwing up “three redoubts: at one of them today, three musketeers “have been miserably shot” (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite “killed); “two are of Röder’s, and one is of Finckenstein’s “regiment.

“Tomorrow I will ride to a village which is on our right “wing; Waghäusel is the name of it”* (not a mile off, north of us, near by the Rhine): “there is a steeple there, from “which one can see the French Camp; from this point I will

"ride down, between the two Lines," French and ours, "to see what they are like.

"There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made; which, as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan is, To attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made passable with these fascines. The other plan is, To amuse the Enemy by a false attack, and throw succour into the Town. — One thing is certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured "that" &c., "and that I will do nothing unworthy of him." —

"FRIEDRICH."*

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did anything take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that "survey from the steeple of Waghäusel, and "ride home again between the Lines," — in regard to that, or, at any rate, in the suite of that, — here is an authentic fraction of anecdote, which should be introduced. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following: Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time; Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory "Character of the Prince-Royal (*Portrait du Prince-Royal, par M. de Suhm*)." Of which Preface this is a small paragraph,

* *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 79.

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relating to the Siege of Philipsburg; offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by and by. Of "Prince von Lichtenstein," an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterwards, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eye-witness to the little fact, — fact credible perhaps without much proving. We are sorry there is no date to it, no detail to give it whereabouts and fixity in our conception: the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, has to hang vaguely in the air. However, these words, "Lines of Philipsburg and Crown-Prince" do approximately date it; bring it between 7th July and 18th July, when the Siege ended. Ten days to guess upon: of which this very first, July 7th, the day of the Prince's arrival, is as likely as another. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

"It was remarked, in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that "this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion, among others" (perhaps this very day, riding home from Waghäusel between the Lines), "when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, "with a good many people about him, — passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from "the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down "several trees at his side; during all which he walked his "horse along, at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were

"happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter, remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarise himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote."*

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau and a select suite; in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war, now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many Princes were assembled there, in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended**), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared

* *Correspondance de Frédéric II avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); *Avant-propos*, p. xviii. (written 28th April 1740). The *Correspondance* is all in (*Euvres de Frédéric* (xvi. 247-408); but the Suhm Preface not.

** Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March 1734; to the joy of self and mankind, in England here.

on a sudden in the Ante-chamber at St. James's, one day; and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty. Which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself; 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him, — heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen; — and now off with you; away!"*

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, in-experiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great

* Coxe's *Walpole*, I. 322.

justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than "write madrigals" in this world: infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has; — he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman; — and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor Constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that, to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm stayed a month campaigning here; graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Head Quarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships, — with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say 15,000*l.*) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him; and thereupon signifies, in high terms, That she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus. To which

15th July-15th Aug. 1734.

his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction, here on the Rhine, was this concerning Stanislaus. For Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomatics; who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" But without the least effect, now or afterwards.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated; and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant-General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant, whom we tragically knew of long ago!) — which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty,* with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honourable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going "to Pillau, for a sea-passage," of going to various places; went finally to Königsberg, and there, — with a considerable Polish

* *Militair-Lexikon*, II. 254.

Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless, and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him, — set up his abode. There for almost two years, in fact till this War ended, the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued; Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (50*l.* a month), — France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one; larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here; with “100,000 rubles on his head.” But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a doorpost, alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina; strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed. Which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus; but honourably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.* A plain piece of duty; punctually done: the beginning of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July-August 1734; in May 1736 we shall see some glimpse of the end! —

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg, — so distinguished a volunteer, doing us the honour to

* Förster, ii. 132, 134-136.

encamp here, — “was asked to all the Councils-of-War that were held,” say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions: but, alas, there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty’s arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defence of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender; — French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene’s part to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter-tries; and that is all.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion, That the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.* Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight, except with the Town’s cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by, in case of coming to the worse: defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reichs Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture: “Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?”

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army, — in which, even in

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, t. 167.

the Reichs part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character, — would have done some stroke upon the French: but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self, this old hero; age now 73; — a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive; and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skilful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings, — painful manœuvrings, on both sides of the Rhine and of the Neckar, — without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away; — health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations, and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Maintz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there;* — Dinner done, his Majesty stepped on board "the Electoral Yacht;" and in this fine hospitable vehicle, went sweeping through the Binger Loch, rapidly down towards Wesel;

* 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511).

and the Crown-Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Maintz at one time: but it is not worth following: nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, anything considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill-success in Italy, Battle of Parma, at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks, with a sorrowful gaiety, of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine; — has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

“The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have done so, can get none this time.” Next year, we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuller field. * * * “I am afraid, dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set up for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. No, my

"dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, "I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove "that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the "esteem and consideration due to persons who, scarred with "wounds, have by years and long service gained a consum- "mate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than ever "as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at "honour, and what is the shortest road into the secret of this "Profession."*

This other, to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect; which is at least equally authentic; and may be worth taking with us. Gröben is Lieutenant, — I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind; — at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin; was ring-leader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there; ** a merry man, eight years older than the Prince, — with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it; and manœuvring, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim; — out of which, and into which, the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country.

* "Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September 1734" (*Œuvres*, xvi. 131).

** Büsching, v. 20.

"*Herdek Teremtetem*," it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete*; and means "The Devil made you!"

"Weinheim, 17th August 1734.

"*Herdek Teremtetem!* 'Went with them, got hanged with 'them,'* said the Bielefeld Innkeeper! So will it be with 'me, poor devil; for I go dawdling about with this Army 'here; and the French will have the better of us. We want 'to be over the Neckar again' (to the South or Philipsburg side), 'and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes 'me in the matter is, that while we are here in such a wilder- 'ness of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labours and 'endurances, to make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou 'devil, at home!

"Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took 'it at Landau' (other side the Rhine, a while ago). 'Here 'we stand in mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt- 'Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. Mud comes of a 'waterspout, or sudden cataract of rain, there was in these 'Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and 'Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them (*ganz 'und gar*).

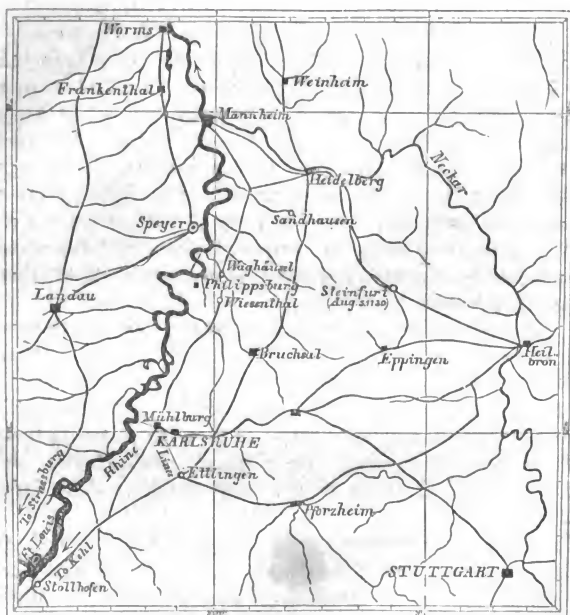
"Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans," one of our eight Regiments here, "has got wounded in the head, in an 'affair of honour; he is still alive, and it is hoped he will get 'through it.

"The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people 'too: Prince Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we 'ourselves. He is often three hours at it; — and the Kaiser's

* "*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen*;" Letter is in German.

"people curse us for the same, at a frightful rate. Adieu.
"If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. Therefore vale.*

"FRIEDRICH."



No laurels to be gained here; but plenty of mud,
and laborious hardship, — met, as we perceive, with
youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 181.

forms. Friedrich is Twenty-two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behaviour in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even "the confusions of this Army," and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish, — they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him: important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management, — "Army left seven days without bread," for one instance, — gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary! —

Wilhelmina says, his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich; — the *Ill* Margraf; who was *cut* by Friedrich, in after years, for some unknown bad behaviour. Margraf Heinrich "led him into all manner of excesses," says Wilhelmina, — probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure: "The Camp is "soon to be close on Maintz, nothing but the Rhine "between Maintz and our right wing where my place "is; and so soon as Serenissimus goes" (*Le Sérénissime*,

so he irreverently names Papa), "I mean to be across "for some sport,"* — no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called "big clown" in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel, — "*brouillé à toute outrance* with the mad Son-in-law, who is the wildest "wild-beast of all this Camp."**

Wilhelmina's Husband had come, in the beginning of August; but was not so happy as he expected. Considerably cut out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had; mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina: adventure on some River, — which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side: Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing; but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural; the French began diligently firing; and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing, in spite of the French bullets; then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Mar-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4 (10th Aug.). ** *Ib.*

graf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good humour with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear, in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband; — who understood it well enough; and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in. Which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done, at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or "even fell short, being sucked in by the river," thinks Wilhelmina.*

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries; then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel the Berlin Dutch Ambassador, who has a fine House in those parts; and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obligated to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland, for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September,** and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come. Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form; which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed.

* Wilhelmina, li. 208, 209; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 19.

** Fassmann, pp. 512-533: September 1734-January 1735.

Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince; well affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To bystanders, one now makes a different figure: "A Crown-Prince who may be King one of these days, — whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without, come agitating influences; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign. After which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate; Crown-Prince leading his Ten thousand to Frankfurt, towards their winter-quarters in Westphalia; and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th), to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homewards: — with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably towards the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer and some others with them, "procured passports," went across, and "saw the French Camp," and what new phenomena were in it for them. Where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for

military admiration, this of the French.* There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently 'studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about "in redheeled shoes," with "Commissions got from Court" for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages, — apt to be "insolent" among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent redheel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner; and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after thought and comparison. But as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination, — fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honours of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Ambassador at Berlin long since); a promising young Soldier; whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service; superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by and by; these the Crown-Prince had al-

* *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

ready noticed in this Rhine Campaign, — having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp; and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused Manuscripts:

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befel one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter; flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: 'Take me to Prince Eugene!' he entreats; which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through, in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. 'But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!' cried everybody. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it; and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

'Will not your Serene Highness protect me?' — 'Certainly!' said Eugene; — gave Chasot a lodging among his own people; and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favourite; eager to be useful where possible; and very pleasant in discourse, said everybody.

By and by; — still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said, — the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked

Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account; through which, as through a small eylet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

"Next morning, at ten o'clock the appointed hour, "Brender having ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince; who received us in his Tent, — behind which he had, hollowed out to the depth of three "or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, and a roof," I hope of good height, "thatched with straw. His Royal "Highness, after two hours conversation, in which he had put "a hundred questions to me" (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), "dismissed us; and, at parting, bade me return "often to him in the evenings.

"It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, "the day after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a "Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld" (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death), "with my three horses, sent over "from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, "and in good humour, said, 'We must sell those horses, they "'don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you "'some way or other.' Prince Lichtenstein immediately put "a price on my horses; and they were sold on the spot at three "times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this "Dinner" (slightly crookbacked witty gentleman, English honey-moon well over), "said to me in a half-whisper, 'Mon- "'sieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who "'have dined well.'

"After this sale, I found myself richer than I had ever "been in my life. The Prince Royal sent me, almost daily, "a groom and led horse, that I might come to him, and some- "times follow him in his excursions. At last, he had it pro- "posed to me, by M. de Brender, and even by Prince Eugene,

"to accompany him to Berlin." Which, of course, I did; taking Ruppín first. "I arrived at Berlin from Ruppín, in 1734, two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm "Margraf of Schwedt" (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp) "with the Princess Sophie," — that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that on the 14th, "the Crown-Prince gave, in his Berlin mansion, a "dinner to all the Royal Family," in honour of that auspicious wedding.*

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History; and again duelling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the way home.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene, — not to meet again in this world; "an old hero gone to the shadow of himself," says the Crown-Prince;** — and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt on the Mayn; having himself led the Ten Thousand so far, towards Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country; where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling

* Kurd von Schlözer: *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), pp. 20-22. A pleasant little Book; tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.

** (*Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 167.

Powers; nor are intended to be so, — Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome; — and things are not pleasant. And the Ruling Powers, by protocolling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,* can only make them worse. Indeed it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany, during this War, — and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their Officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles. Whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that; our concern lying elsewhere. "Directly after dinner at Frankfurt," the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, towards Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; "October 5th," says Wilhelmina, — who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits: — weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events: — and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince, on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking, with an airy buoyancy of mind, to-

* "28th March 1735" (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i. 136.

wards a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister; — but probably the sad humour of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas, the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account, — with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent, *not* deducted from it:

"My Brother arrived, the 5th of October. He seemed to "me put-out (*décontenancé*); and to break off conversation "with me, he said he had to write to the King and Queen. "I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room; and "spent more than a good hour in writing a couple of Letters, "of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, one after "the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them, "looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we "went to dinner.

"Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) whatever he saw; and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words 'little Prince,' 'little Court.' "I was shocked; and could not understand how he had "changed so suddenly towards me. The etiquette of all "Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the "least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my "Brother put a Lieutenant there, who was in his suite; "saying to me, 'A King's Lieutenants are as good as a "Margraf's Ministers.' I swallowed this incivility, and "showed no sign.

"After dinner, being alone with me, he said," — turning

up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way: — “Our Sire is going to end (*tire à sa fin*); he will not live out this month. I know I have made you great promises; but I am not in a condition to keep them. I will leave you the Half of the sum which my predecessor (*feu Roi*) lent you; I think you will have every reason to be satisfied with that.’ I answered, ‘That my regard for him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask anything of him, but the continuance of his friendship; and did not wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. ‘Nò, no,’ said he, ‘you shall have those 100,000 thalers; I have destined them for you. — People will be much surprised,’ continued he, ‘to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles at Berlin: but they will find I know better. I mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will sate her (*rassasierai*) with honours; but I do not mean that she shall meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so.’” What a speech; what an outbreak of candour in the young man, preoccupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties, — to the exclusion of any other person’s!

“I fell from the clouds, on hearing all that; and knew not if I was sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: ‘When your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-Law dies, I advise you to break up the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman’s establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce the wages of those whom you cannot help keeping.

“You have been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of
“four dishes; that is all you want here: and I will invite you
“now and then to Berlin; which will spare table and house-
“keeping.”

“For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could
“not restrain my tears, at hearing all these indignities. ‘Why
“do you cry?’ said he: ‘Ah, ah, you are in low spirits, I see.
“We must dissipate that dark humour. The music waits us;
“I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute.’
“He gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat
“down to the harpsichord; which I inundated (*inondai*) with
“my tears. Marwitz” (my artful Demoiselle d’Atours, perhaps
too artful in time coming) “placed herself opposite me, so as
“to hide from the others what disorder I was in.”*

For the last two days of the visit, Wilhelmina ad-
mits her Brother was a little kinder. But on the fourth
day there came, by estafette, a Letter from the Queen,
conjuring him to return without delay, the King grow-
ing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her
Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease ap-
peared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with
sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget
that strange outbreak of candour; and parted with him
as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the
day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affec-
tionate Letter to him; which we could give, if there
were room:** “the happiest time I ever in my life had;”
“my heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;”
“every one repeating the words ‘dear Brother’ and

* Wilhelmina, ii. 216-218.

** *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 23.

“‘charming Prince-Royal:’” — a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading. A Prince-Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate! —

As to the outbreak of candour, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone; and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires*, “in a Summerhouse at Baireuth,” her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms; which of itself made her heart very heavy; — not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their colour to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince, — who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road, — gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign, in that manner; — and sees his poor Father, with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS; END OF WAR.

It appears, Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam; and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppín, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess-Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing: — anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November; and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us, there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion; — poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the background, meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Ambassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie; a showy

restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time; who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant; and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference; — is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince, in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come; the Newspapers speculating much on his situation; political people extremely anxious what would become of him, — or in fact, when he would die; for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character; Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin; but running much about, on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way. And even this will soon cease; — and in fact, to us, it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away; who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The Old Ordnance-

Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months, he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine-Campaign, in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others; ready for work, had there been any: but next season, he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable. — In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there; to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more; and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These Reports of Seckendorf Junior, — full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey), who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes, — have been printed; and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that, in these our premises, we shall never see him again; — nay shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave! —

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is, that he cannot recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked: no bed that he can bear to lie on; — oftenest rolls about in a Bath-chair; very heavy-laden indeed; and I think of tenderer humour than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam: "I am ready to quit the world, as Your Di-

"lection knows, and has various times heard me say. "One ship sails faster, another slower; but they come all to one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has determined for me." * He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier; and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him, by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too, — we need not doubt, he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these; though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing-up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up "two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room," since he cannot get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:

"Potsdam, September 30th, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him about" in his Bath-chair, "over the room, and cries: *Luft, Luft* (Air, air)!"

"October 2d. The King is not going to die just yet; but "will scarcely see Christmas. He gets on his clothes; argues

* Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 14. "From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September 1734."

"with the Doctors, is impatient; won't have people speak of his illness; — is quite black in the face; drinks nothing but *"Moll"* (which we suppose to be small bitter beer), "takes physic, writes in bed.

"October 5th. The Nigger tells me things are better. The King begins to bring up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oat-meal-water" (*Hafergrützwasser*, comfortable to the sick); "says to the Nigger: 'Pray diligently, all of you; perhaps I shall not die!'"

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth; to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on, — enough to suffice us on that head:

"The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath-chair, "you hear the water jumble in his body," — with astonishment! "King gets into passions; has beaten the pages" (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?), "so that it was feared apoplexy would take him."

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:

"October 12th. Return of the Prince-Royal to Potsdam; "tender reception. — *October 21st.* Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is now also begun running; and above a quart (*maas*) of water has come from it. Without a miracle "the King cannot live," — thinks our dark friend. "The

"Prince-Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) at the King's situation; — has his eyes full of water, has wept the eyes out of his head: has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince-Royal has been heard to say, 'If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.' King always calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen," thinks Seckendorf Junior, "knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face of him one day: 'If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my grave!'"*

So Friedrich Wilhelm; labouring amid the mortal quicksands; looking into the Inevitable, in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to anybody at present, was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something, which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country, yawning indisputable there; revealed to one as if by momentary lightning, in that manner! This is a speech which all the Ambassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us, — in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-

* Seckendorf (Baron): *Journal Secret*; cited in Förster, ii. 142.

Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

"Sunday last," Sunday 17th October 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, "the King said to the Prince-Royal: 'My dear Son, I tell thee I 'got my death at Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in 'the world, don't trust those people (*denen Leuten*); however 'many promises they make. That day, it was April 17th, '1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if 'you had turned a dagger round in my heart.'"* —

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands, in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice, clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos, is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment! —

It was four months after, "21st January 1735,"** when the King first got back to Berlin, to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again. Which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again; but he never more was well. Nor

* Seckendorf (*Baron*): *Journal Secret*; cited in Förster, ii. 142.

** Fassmann, p. 533.

has he forgotten that word at Priort, "like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;" — and indeed gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April, Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: "1°. That, "besides the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty "would send his Reich's-Contingent," — *not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. "2°. That he would have the goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chétardie the French Ambassador, as a "plainly superfluous person at a well-affected German "Court in present circumstances;" — person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. "3°. That his "Prussian Majesty do give up the false Polish Majesty "Stanislaus, and no longer harbour him in East Prussia or elsewhere." The whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses; the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed; — manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince's behaviour under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year; and does nothing else recordable, in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set, with all eagerness, on getting to the Rhine-Campaign next ensuing; nor did the King refuse, for a long while, but still less

did he consent; and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year, Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make; at a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was, — precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin, — Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The "Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army in "Lombardy is gone to Twenty-four thousand men, will "have to retire into the Mountains. Next campaign" (just coming), "he will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. "God's righteous judgment it is: a War like this! "Comes of flinging old principles overboard, — of "meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more, of a plangent alarming nature.*

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand, according to contracts; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of "copper pontoons" to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann; — sends also a super-numerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, "Six-score horse of Hussar type," under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learnt; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well

* Förster, ii. 144 (and date it from *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 54).

convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.* All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign: but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it cannot be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign; — be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee."** Fritzchen is sent into Preussen, to do the Reviewings and Inspections there; Papa not being able for them this season; and strict manifold Inspection, in those parts, being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a welcome one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay; and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season, in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine-Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere, the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it; but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French:

* *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

** Friedrich's Letter, 5th September 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, 93-95).

Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, "the shadow of himself," had no more effect this year than last: nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reichs-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did "burn a Magazine," (probably of hay among better provender), by his bomb-shells, on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand, — Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill, — burnt something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, "Islet of Lorch near Bingen," where the French had a post; which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country; and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle, one afternoon, — some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says, it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.* Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow: but there came an estafette that night: "Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October 1735); — try no farther!"** And this was the second Rhine-Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 168.

** "Cessation" is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; "Preliminaries" were, Vienna, "3d October" 1735 (Schöll, ii. 245).

refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candour to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us; let the reader take a glance of one only; the first of the series; dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September 1735, and addressed to the "Most All-gracious King and Father;" — abridged for the reader's behoof:

* * "In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things "look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a "few children; it is said the people are mostly running away," — owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there, in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg, till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see

him. "A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching towards Dantzic, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them," which will be shocking to your Majesty, "and the people did not look well." * *

"Got hither to Marienwerder, last night: have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant-Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie die Puppen*); I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits; in particular two;" — nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. "Young horses" too are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.*

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye; — gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: "Here, after all, is one that can replace me, in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!" —

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince-Royal wise to re-

* *Ceuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 97.

cognise your Majesty's rough wisdom, on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's-*friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here truly are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike: — and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skilful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace, this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power; under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind, on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamour jargonning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No, — so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,* was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities, — visibly the Friedrich-Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type: — what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head at the Kaiser's dictation in former years! —

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice, — not formally, lest there be political offence taken, but incidentally at the houses of third-parties; — and is much pleased with the old gentleman; who is

* His Letter, 24th Oct. 1735 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 99).

of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downwards, to tell a young man.* Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter, with their draperies and them, "like a little Warsaw:" so that Stanislaus's big French Pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.** For the present, they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzic; saw that famous City, and late scene of War; tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations, — some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young Soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzic, turning mainly on those points. Letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grandfather and Father both dead;*** and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form:

* Came 8th October, went 21st; *Œuvres de Frédéric* xxvii. part 3d, p. 98.

** *History of Stanislaus*.

*** Grandfather, 1st March 1735; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September 1735. *Suprà*, vol. iv, 219.

"Dantzic, 26th October 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a grace. I fear you won't stop there; but will go on peopling the world," — one knows not to what extent, — "with your amiable race. Would have written sooner; but I am just returning from the depths of the barbarous Countries; and having been charged with innumerable commissions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility to think or to write.

"I have viewed all the Russian labours in these parts; have had the assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds; — and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him capable of so distracted an enterprise. * * * Adieu, my dear Brother. My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, that her proof-essays are masterpieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de maître*). * * "Your most," &c. — "FRÉDÉRIC."

The Brunswick Masterpiece, achieved on this occasion, grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting out the earlier better sort), still keep him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years! —

* *Cœuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defences of Dantzic, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men; and retired, without doing "what was flatly impossible," thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, pp. 77-79, for an account of it.

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement, at the Crown-Prince's return; and it is known, in political circles, what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:

"1^o. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, cannot be pulled out again: Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos will, as some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty his Parma and Piacenza apanages; and you shall get back your Lombardy, — all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty; who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese, these two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury says to him: 'Bargain cannot be kept, your Majesty; please to quit the Milanese again, and put up with this scantling.'

"2^o. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian bombardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August, — all the rather as there would be no dispossessing him, at this stage. He was your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

"3^o. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular Majesty of Poland for life; — which indeed will do little for him: — but in addition, we propose, That, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to subsist upon; and — and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease!

“— ‘Lorraine?’ exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the
“Kaiser’s intended Son-in-law Franz Duke of Lorraine.
“There is indeed a loss and a disgrace; a heavy item in the
“Election damages!

“4^o. As to Duke Franz, there is a remedy. The old
“Duke of Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless:
“let the now Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty’s
“intended Son-in-law, have Florence instead. — And so it had
“to be settled. ‘Lorraine? To Stanislaus, to France?’ ex-
“claimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and poor
“Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; but there
“was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item
“for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after
“nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole.
“Duke Franz attempted to stand out; remonstrated much,
“with Kaiser and Hofrath, at Vienna, on this unheard-of
“proposal: but they told him it was irremediable; told him at
“last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic Official, told him), ‘No
“‘Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!’ — and Franz
“had to comply. Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has
“swallowed it whole. ‘That was what he meant in picking
“‘this quarrel!’ said Teutschland mournfully. Fleury was
“very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others;
“and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

“5^o. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no
“other, is: France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction, —
“though with very great difficulty; spending a couple of
“years, chiefly on this latter point as was thought.* How it
“kept said guarantee, will be seen in the sequel.”

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had
to pay for meddling in Polish Elections; for galloping

* Treaty on it not signed till 18th November 1738 (Schöll, ii. 246).

thither in chase of his Shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt; or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended; in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end; though it is now mostly vanished; exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were: that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser; and that he will love, and chase, as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate; — getting into disastrous Turk Wars, with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him; — and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the Summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements, — which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer, — the Titular Majesty Stanislaus, girt himself together for departure towards his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, “under escort of Lieutenant-General von Katte” (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) “and fifty cuirassiers;” reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He travelled under the title of “Count” Something, and alighted at the

French Ambassador's in Berlin: but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits; and was hospitality itself and munificence itself; — and, in fact, that night and all the other nights, “they smoked above thirty pipes together,” for one item. May 21st, 1736,* Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again; towards France, — towards Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France, — till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro: and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never again well. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man, finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no

* Förster (i. 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii. 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster; who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man; — though, alas, in respect of method (that is to say, want of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin; pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build: which is felt to be tyrannous; and occasions an ever-deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder; and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.*

Nor is the Army less an object, perhaps almost more. Nay at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History, on the political side, is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviours on their late marches (misbehaviours notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the

* Pöllnitz, ii. 469.

matter; and, for his own share, winded up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions. Which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a Letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: "It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition "of recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our "thanks for the Ten Thousand men sent him, and for "all the deference I have shown the Kaiser at all "times; and by this you may see that it would be of "no use if one even sacrificed oneself to him. So long "as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no "sooner is the strait thought to be over, and help not "wanted, than they pull off the mask, and have not "the least acknowledgment. The considerations that "will occur to you on this matter may put it in your "power to be prepared against similar occasions in time "coming." *

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew; but also were fighting for the Kaiser,—that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received, from the Vienna War-Office, a little Bill of 10,284 florins (1,028*l.* 8*s.*), charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observa-

* 6th February 1736; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 102.

tion: "Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial *Ærarium* with that 1,028*l.* 8*s.* With the sincerest wishes "for hundred thousandfold increase to it in said *Ærarium*; otherwise it won't go very far!" *

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War, the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (100,000*l.*) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three-percent bonus, interest six per cent, and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: "Touching the proposal "of my lifting the Bankers Splittgerber and Daun up "behind me, with a million gulden, to assist in that loan "of theirs, — said proposal, as I am not a merchant "accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, cannot "in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, on Theirs Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me *the conditions* known to "your Uncle" (*fulfilment* of that now oldish Jülich-and-Berg promise, namely!), "which are *fair*. In such "case the thing shall be rapidly completed!" **

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more

* Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii. 150.

** Förster, ii. 151 (without *date* there).

what a Kaiser this has been towards him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History-Books; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts, in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We are well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppín, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship*; and, especially by this last Inspection-Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his *Proof-Essay* with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship; entitled to lift his Indentures, whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master cannot but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision: — after all those unheard-of

confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre*, over at Reinsberg, still in the old region, — still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact; — and be happy in the new Domesticities, and larger opportunities, provided for him there; till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for.

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG.

1736-1740.



Aug. 1736.

CHAPTER I.

MANSION OF REINSBERG.

ON the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the *Amt* or Government-District *Ruppin*, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a Residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince, That Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of *Ruppin*, and probably purchaseable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair. Which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months bargaining;* — and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy, all this while; a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder: and now the main body of the Mansion is complete, or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready

* 23d October 1733, order given, — 16th March 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i. 75).

that the Royal Highnesses can take up their abode in it. Which they do, this Autumn, 1736; and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping, in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only: hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion, or in her own Country-House at Schönhausen; Husband not habitually with her, except when on leave of absence from Ruppín, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppín his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time. But now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together; "6th August 1736" the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month;* — raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort. A new, and much improved one. It lasted into the fourth year; rather improving all the way: and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realisable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise

* 4th September 1736 (Ib.).

of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him: conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill weather, — from the Tobacco Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance-quarter perhaps rather more, — a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome perfect loyalty of character withal; and did not “take to pouting,” as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterward Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her, in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppín; naturally under the Crown-Prince’s government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town Ruppín; — not quite a third-part as big as Ruppín is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character; to be distinguished almost as beautiful, in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields, heights called “hills;” and wood of fair growth, — one reads of “beech-avenues,” of “high linden-avenues:” — a country

rather of the ornamented sort, before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle, all over that region, into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such: the *summary*, or outfall, of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn, or Rein; and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river; still more, twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-coloured, not peat-brown: and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best; — sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old; but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass-manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there; which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian-crystal, white-glass, cut-glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.*

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the *Grinerick See*" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion

* *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses &c. zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1778). Author, a 'Lieutenant Hennert,' thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

is between the Town and Lake. A Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways; for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirdling it, and has a spacious court for interior: but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear. Stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the housetops, towards the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked; which still farther shut off the Town. To this day, Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships, — by Friedrich nearly six-score years ago, and nearly three-score by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterwards had it. Last accounts I got were, of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal-School* there; which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, potherb gardens; which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country-House, what might be called a Country-Palace with all its adjuncts; — and at a rate of expense which would fill

English readers, of this time, with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made; but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought, it seems as if the shilling, in those parts, were equal to the guinea in these; and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas, reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three-fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money, — difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides. Which is very great indeed; and infinitely sadder than any one, in these times, will believe! — But we cannot dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him, as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's, he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties, — disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant, working together as if they were not human, — will be spared him in those foreign departments; and in an English heart, thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion; which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auc-

tioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs; which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors, — which I have not seen.* Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Groundplans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive, — wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings, standing in rectangular shape, in the above locality: — about two hundred English feet, each, the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front: about a hundred and thirty, each, the two shorter; or a hundred and fifty, taking in their Towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of “Colonnade;” spacious Colonnade “with vases and statues;” catching up the outskirts of said Towers, and handsomely uniting everything.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stonework; all of good proportions. Architecture everywhere of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices and corbels, — in short, the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and in fact all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together,

* See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions: the Towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more: this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage: — fancy the extent of lodging space. For “all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground;” the “left front” (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count; but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay in a detached side-edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, “fifty lodging-rooms,” and for another “a theatre.” And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all that, — his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps in a degree painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers, the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish, “ceiling done by Pesne” with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state: silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with

its little tufted Islands, "Remus Island" much famed among them, and "high beechwoods" on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say; lying between you and the sunset; — with perhaps some other lakelet, or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, "revealing itself as a cup of molten gold," at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was, in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,* is very fine; — take the anteroom for specimen: "This fine room," some twenty feet height of ceiling, "has six windows; three of them, in the main front, looking towards the Town, the other three towards the Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the walls), to an uncommonly splendid pitch; and shows the painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed to lay on his colours there so softly, and with such delicate skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong themselves in the painted clouds and air, as if it were the real sky you had overhead." There in that cloud-region Mars is being disarmed by the Love-Goddesses, and they are sporting with his weapons. He stretches out his arm towards the Goddess, who looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading out a draping." That is Pesne's luxurious performance in

* From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

the ceiling. — “Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, “adorn the walls of this room; and two Pictures, also “by Pesne, which represent, in life size, the late King and Queen” (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie), “are worthy of attention. Over each of “the doors, you find in low-relief the Profiles of “Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as Me-
“dallions.”

All this is very fine: but all this is little to another ceiling, in some big Saloon elsewhere, Music-saloon I think: Black Night, making off, with all her sickly dewes, at one end of the ceiling; and at the other end, the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day, — with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence. A very fine room indeed; — used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what, — and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs. —

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottoes, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks and pleasancess surround this favoured spot and its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs, — except indeed it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride; except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits

in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin; some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco-Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read, study and reflect, a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held; the reader has seen in what kind of room: and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names, not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen; and mention only that "the two Brothers Graun" and "the two Brothers Benda" were of the lot; suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and "a Pianist who is known to everybody."* The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music: does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make, on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence, of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm the Saxon Envoy translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him: sending it in fascicles; with endless

* Hennert, p. 21.

Letters to and from, upon it, — which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, “from the Mecklenburg “quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin,” for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighbourhood, we mean to show the reader one sample, before long; and only one.

There are Lists given us of the Prince's “Court” at Reinsberg; and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them; but cannot, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg: — still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us, in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drillings and artillery-practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-Priester, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as “Reader and Librarian;” of whom we shall hear a good deal more. “Intendant” is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf; a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth; who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,* which he

* Hennert, p. 29.

will skilfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind or string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof Cavaliers, to we know not what extent: — How was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt; but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me: but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached 3,000*l.* a year; and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy: "Rittmeister von Chasot," as the Books call him: readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became; but is of the Ruppín Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; "attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey;" and is much a favourite, when he can be spared from Ruppín. Captain Wylich, afterwards a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppín, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as "Companion" to the Prince, a long while back; and got into

trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch: one of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned, after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling; and now he has him here, and is very fond of him. A Courlander, of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too, — which, it was once thought, would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable-Crichton of Königsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather; and have led only to what we see. A man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise. Excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted gay-tempered man, and much a favourite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention: near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzic lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service, when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men; and still impress a lay reader with favourable notions towards Stille, as a man of real worth and sense.*

* *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse*; — a posthumous Book; anterior to the Seven-Years War.

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment: a Reverend "M. Deschamps;" who preaches to them all, in French no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps: Friedrich is always over at Ruppín on Sundays; and there "himself reads a Sermon to the Garrison," as part of the day's duties. Reads finely, in a melodious feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: "even in his old days, he would incidentally," when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, "roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon," in a voice and with a look, which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.*

M. Jordan, though he was called "*Lecteur* (Reader)," did not read to him, I can perceive; but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French-refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterwards, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feeling merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought

* *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1797), I. 37.

up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did; what best Gospel he had; in an honest manner, all say, — though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places; when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air, in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that, by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment; — and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there, among his Books, in a frugal manner. Which he did; — and was living so, when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg; bustling about, in a brisk, modestly frank and cheerful manner: well liked by everybody; by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbours, in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described, at Reinsberg, as a small nimble figure, of Southern-French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes; and a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished out, from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness, some of the poor Books he wrote; especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,* Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took, to get the clouds blown from his mind. A *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling; being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead. So many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to the learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan; — and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished; compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Littéraire* or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life left in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous

* *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en MDCCXXXIII, en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, "Abbé Jordan, "alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the "Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss:" and if I ask, Why? — there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there? —

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates, that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good humour, wit if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there; but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake; — uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich; — though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered. For he loved intellect as few men on the throne, or off it, ever did; and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connexions, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him; and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town-visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk extinct object, continues very dim in those old records; and to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*,* and other learned things, — we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world. He is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed, in somebody's rooms "in the French College," and waited for the venerable man. Venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him, too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of

* *Histoire critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme*: wrote also *Remarques &c. sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation*; &c. &c. He is Beausobre Senior; there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing. — See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 33—39.

his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah, Monseigneur, I have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists" — "And what?" "The exordium of St. John's Gospel: "*In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was* —" Which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports; though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman. To whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,* — a copy of his own verses to correct, on one occasion, — and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage, personally known to the Prince since Boyhood; for he used to be about the Palace, doing something. This is one La Croze; Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime Monster of Erudition, at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by everybody. Swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages, in a coarse inexact way. Attempted deep kinds of discourse, in the lecture-room and elsewhere; but usually broke off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him; not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day

* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 121-126. Dates are all of 1737; the last of Beausobre's years.

somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he cannot doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing; "who asked M. Jordan, who that was," and got answer: — is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it; — respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being indeed of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort, in the then Berlin circles; to whom or from whom a Lettèr or two exist. Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: That, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy;* and had given him texts, or a text, to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince, — who complains respectfully that "his faith is weak," and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression "weak faith" I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old "*Gnadenwahl*" business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was, is notorious enough; though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. pp. 112-117: date, March-June 1736.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly, there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period; the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious Correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part: but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one; the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterwards, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality; and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there; but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling somewhither in it; — you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features: — “The Thing cannot *always* have been No-thing,” you reflect! Outlines, features: — and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

ONE of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardour, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal; of attaining mastership, discipleship, in Art and Philosophy; — or in candour let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief, on all sides; and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places; and it must be owned, he struggles and endeavours towards this, with great perseverance, by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterwards he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. Which accordingly he forthwith sets about, after getting into Reinsberg; and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament, — his Letters to them exist; and could be given in some quantity: but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demigod of literature, how small

are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the veil of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!" — To which the response is: "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you at any rate, — and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honour's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time; and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them: temporal potentate saluting spiritual, from the distance, — in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence; standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such; but in itself uninteresting utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out. Forgotten altogether; or recognised, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, university bigwigs, and longwinded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu, — not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with *Esprit des Lois*, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*, and already known to the world for a person of sharp

audacious eyesight, — it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter, now or afterwards. No notice of Montesquieu; nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly; for his appetite was not fastidious at this time. And certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French Literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining Figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire*; which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of Mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August 1736; and Voltaire's Answer, — the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month, — was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts it will behove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire; and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavour to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion, which in his instance continue very great. "Voltaire was the "spiritual complement of Friedrich," says Sauerteig once: "what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must "call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other "fruit we have not from it, to speak of, at this day. "Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Vol-

"taire Creed; 'Realised Voltairism;' — admit it, reader, "not in a too triumphant humour, — is not that pretty "much the net historical product of the Eighteenth "Century? The rest of its history either pure somnam- "bulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, 'Realised "Voltairism? How soon shall it be realised, then? "Not at once, surely!' So that Friedrich and Voltaire "are related, not by accident only. They are, they for "want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; "the chief, and in a sense the sole products of their "Century. They alone remain to us as still living re- "sults from it, — such as they are. And the rest, "truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now "doing); being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, "scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hear- "say; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries "of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at "all, as these Two were." — With more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,* and had gone through various fortunes; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common; but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been

* Born, 20th February 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, "François Arouet, a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber "of Accounts;" Mother, "Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou."

about this man; in which one still reads, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending; and much is left in an ambiguous undecipherable condition to us. A proper History of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did: this is still a problem for the genius of France! —

His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social: not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame-Denises, Abbé-Mignots and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, besides François, Madame Arouet had: once for all, How many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church-registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No; even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets anywhere to be

had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it? there is no answer, or worse than none. — The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had; but which would require almost a French demigod to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

"*Youth of Voltaire* (1694—1725). — French Biographers "have left the Arouet Househould very dark for us; mean- "while we can perceive, or guess, that it was moderately well "in economic respects; the François was the second of the "Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, practical and "perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official "legal habits and position, 'Notary of the Châtelet' and "something else, had destined him for the Law Profession; as "was natural enough to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself "succeeded well in Law, and could there, best of all, open "roads for a clever second son. François accordingly sat 'in "chambers,' as we call it; and his fellow-clerks much loved "him, — the most amusing fellow in the world. Sat in "chambers, even became an advocate; but did not in the least "take to advocateship; — took to poetry, and other airy "dangerous courses, speculative, practical; causing family "explosions and rebukes, which were without effect on him. "A young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead of serious; "more and more shuddering at Law. To the surprise and "indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and "sheepskins, pointing towards high honours and deep flesh-

"pots, had no charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

"Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint; family explosions on the part of M. Arouet Senior; such that friends had to interfere, and it was uncertain what would come of it. "One judicious friend, 'M. Caumartin,' took the young fellow home to his house in the country for a time; — and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics; which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in the head of him.

"M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law; but it was becoming daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what this young man went upon; and was getting more and more loved for; introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recognised there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen. Which tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbours of refuge than the paternal one.

"Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then; wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool François, thought M. Arouet Senior; and was much confirmed in his notion, when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having come out (*Les J'ai vu*, as they call it*), and become the rage, as a clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son. Who, in fact, was not the Author; but was not believed on his denial; and saw himself,

* "I have seen (*J'ai vu*)" this ignominy occur, "I have seen" that other, — to the amount of a dozen or two; — "and am not yet twenty." Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 321.

"in spite of his high connexions, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. 'Let him sit,' thought M. Arouet Senior, 'and come to his senses there!' He sat for eighteen months (age still little above twenty); but privately employed his time, not in repentance, or in serious legal studies, but in writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. 'Epic Poem,' no less; *La Ligue*, as he then called it; which it was his hope the whole world would one day fall in love with; — as it did. Nay, in two years more, he had done a Play, *Edipe* the renowned name of it; which 'ran for forty-eight nights' (18th November 1718, the first of them); and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

"Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and connexions, thought M. Arouet, at one time; and sent him to the French Ambassador in Holland, — on good behaviour, as it were, and by way of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory intrigues, — young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother inveigling, and I know not what; — so that the Ambassador was glad to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, 'Glass, with care!' And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least worth reading: — and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung up his head; to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory no-hope of more, and said, 'Go your own way, then, foolish junior: the elder shall be my son.' M. Arouet disappears at this point, or nearly so, from the history of his son François; and I think must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memorable thing he had done unknowingly, in sending this François into the world, to

"kindle such universal 'dry dungheap of a rotten world,' and
 "set it blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be
 "representative of the family, after all; the elder Brother also
 "having died before long. Except certain confused niece-
 "and-nephew personages, progeny of the sisters, François has
 "no more trouble or solacement from the paternal household.
 "François meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs
 "Arouet Junior, 'François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*).'

"'All of us Princes, then, or Poets!' said he, one night at
 "supper, looking to right and left: the brightest fellow in the
 "world, well fit to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles; and great
 "things now ahead of him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans,
 "politest, most debauched of men, and very witty, holds the
 "helm; near him Dubois the Devil's Cardinal, and so many
 "bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is in
 "France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully
 "towards new latitudes and Isles of the Blest. What may not
 "François hope to become? 'Hmph!' answers M. Arouet
 "Senior, steadily, so long as he lives. Here are one or two
 "subsequent phases, epochs or turning-points, of the young
 "gentleman's career.

"*Phasis First* (1725—1728,) — The accomplished Duc de
 "Sulli (Year 1725, day not recorded) is giving in his hôtel a
 "dinner, such as usual; and a bright witty company is as-
 "sembled; — the brightest young fellow in France sure to be
 "there; and with his electric coruscations illuminating every-
 "thing, and keeping the table in a roar. To the delight of
 "most; not to that of a certain splenetic ill-given Duc de
 "Rohan; grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very
 "ill behaviour in the world; who feels impatient at the notice
 "taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet Junior. '*Quel est*
 "'*donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut*,' Who is this young man

"that talks so loud, then?' exclaims the proud splenetic Duke. "Monseigneur', flashes the young man back upon him in an "electric manner, 'It is one who does not drag a big name "about with him; but who secures respect for the name he "has!' Figure that, in the penetrating grandly clangorous "voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), and the momentary flash "of eyes that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose, in a sulphurous "frame of mind; and went his ways. What date? You ask "the idle French Biographer in vain; — see only, after more "and more inspection, that the incident is true; and with "labour date it, summer of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht "itself, though all the Newspapers and Own Correspondents "were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish matter to "date, in comparison!

"About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining "with the Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A "servant whispers him, That somebody has called, and wants "him below. 'Cannot come,' answers Arouet; 'how can I, "so engaged?' Servant returns after a minute or two: "'Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of beneficence "that you are wanted below!' Arouet lays down his knife "and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage "is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: 'Would Monsieur "have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the "carriage, in a case of necessity?' At the door of the "carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as in a vice; "diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, "looking to the hackney-coach, some '*Voilà, Now then!*' "Whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives out three "porters, or hired bullies, with the due implements: scandalous "actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor "Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody "being near. 'That will do,' says Rohan at last, and the

"gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills
 "and deranged hair, rushing up stairs again, in such a mood
 "as is easy to fancy. Everybody is sorry, inconsolable, every-
 "body shocked; nobody volunteers to help in avenging.
 "'Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of
 "'your guests, an insult to yourself?' asks Arouet. 'Well,
 "'yes perhaps, but' — Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his
 "'shoulders, and proposes nothing. Arouet withdrew, of
 "'course in a most blazing condition, to consider what he could,
 "'on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

"His Biographer Duvernet says, he decided on doing two
 "things: learning English and the small-sword exercise.*
 "He retired to the country for six months, and perfected
 "himself in these two branches. Being perfect, he challenged
 "Duc de Rohan in the proper manner; applying ingenious
 "compulsives withal, to secure acceptance of the challenge.
 "Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and compulsion
 "at the Theatre or otherwise: — accepted, but withal con-
 "fessed to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords
 "took place; and Rohan only blighted by public opinion, or
 "incapable of farther blight that way, went at large; a
 "convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having put Arouet again in the
 "Bastille. Where for six months Arouet lodged a second time,
 "the innocent not the guilty; making, we can well suppose,
 "innumerable reflexions on the phenomena of human life.
 "Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England;

* *La Vie de Voltaire*, par M** (à Genève, 1786), pp. 55-57: or pp. 60-63, in his *second* form of the Book. The "M**" is an Abbé Duvernet; of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterwards, but escaped with his head; and republished his Book, swollen out somewhat by new "Anecdotes" and republican bluster, in this second instance; signing himself T. J. D. V - - - (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book; with traces of real *eyesight* in it, — by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

"shaking the dust of ungrateful France off his feet,—resolved
"to change his unhappy name, for one thing.

"Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's
"Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of
"the Literary classes, who could tell him whence this Name
"VOLTAIRE originated. 'A *petite terre*, small family estate,'
"they said; and sent him hunting through Topographies, far
"and wide, to no purpose. Others answered, 'Volterra in
"Italy, some connection with Volterra', — and seemed even to
"know that this was but fatuity. 'In ever-talking, ever-
"printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither
"prints nor has anything to print?' exclaims poor Smel-
"fungus! He tells us at last, the name *Voltaire* is a mere
"Anagram of *Arouet l. j.* — you try it; A.R.O.U.E.T. L.J. =
"V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E: and perceive at once, with obligations to
"Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you,
"and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

"The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille
"in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous wide-sounding
"outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism;
"but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result,
"of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course.
"England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking;
"Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living;
"very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has
"its royal-republican ways of doing; something Roman in it,
"from Peerage down to Plebs; strange and curious to the eye
"of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing: Newton still alive,
"white with four-score years, the venerable hoary man;
"Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or even
"done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the culti-
"vated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics,
"what a surprising 'liberty' allowed or taken! Never was a

“freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a “pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with ruffles to its shirt “and rings on its fingers; — never yet, the least, dreaming “of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! “That is the palmy condition of English Liberty, when M. de “Voltaire arrives there.

“In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is “a mind driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances. As if “you had elaborately ploughed and pulverised the mind of “this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity, and strength “of fertility, whatever seed England may have for it. That “was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. “The question, Is this man to grow up a Court Poet; to do “legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; “Princes and Princesses recognising him as plainly divine, “and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as “his task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is “not quite to decorate and comfort your ‘dry dungheap’ of a “world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the “man Voltaire is here; but to shoot lightnings into it, and “set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; “truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now “are: and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to “England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use “of a dissolute Rohan in this world; for the gods make improvements of all manner of things.

“M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, “and never hear of it more) came to England — when? Quitted “England — when? Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who “spend their time not in laying permanent foundation-stones, “but in fencing with the wind! — I at last find indisputably,

"it was in 1726 that he came to England:* and he himself "tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, some "two years there in all, — last year of George I.'s reign, and "first of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible "reign, in all his Biographies, over this period of his life, "which was above all others worth investigating: seek not to "know it; no man has inquired into it, probably no competent "man now ever will. By hints in certain Letters of the period, "we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, in 'Maiden "Lane, Covent Garden;' one of those old Houses that yet "stand in Maiden Lane: for which small fact let us be thank- "ful. His own Letters of the period are dated now and then "from 'Wandsworth.' Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; "but the Wandsworth is not Bolingbroke's mansion, which "stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth was one Edward "Fawkener's; a man somewhat admirable to young Voltaire, "but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had "been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless "was admitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in "political circles; which was wonderful to young Voltaire. "This Fawkener, I think, became Sir Edward Fawkener, "and some kind of 'Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland:' "— I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly un- "memorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he "was hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are per- "haps the only names that turn up in Voltaire's *Letters* of this "English Period: over which generally there reigns, in the "French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, "half-involuntary, that it *should* have been made luminous, "and would if perfectly easy.

"We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance

* Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, "20th April" of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, l. 40 n.).

“with many men in England, with all manner of important
 “men: Notes to Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to
 “Congreve, Notes even to such as Lady Sundon in the interior
 “of the Palace, are known of. The brightest young fellow
 “in the world did not want for introductions to the highest
 “quarters, in that time of political alliance, and extensive
 “private acquaintance, between his Country and ours. And
 “all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and
 “the deep sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline
 “and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what else was
 “needed? Dextrous right words in the right places, winged
 “with *esprit* so-called: that was the man’s supreme talent, in
 “which he had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift,
 “far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself generally
 “agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept
 “awake; wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, to-
 “wards admiration. The stereotype figure of the English-
 “man, always the same, which turns up in Voltaire’s *Works*,
 “is worth noting in this respect. A rugged surly kind of
 “fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic with-
 “out complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural
 “stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech
 “in him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter
 “and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two,
 “what they call ‘humour’ in their dialect: this is pretty much
 “the *reverse* of Voltaire’s own self, and therefore all the wel-
 “come to him; delineated always with a kind of mockery,
 “but with evident love. What excellences are in England,
 “thought Voltaire; no Bastille in it, for one thing! Newton’s
 “Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him;
 “Locke’s Toleration is very grand (especially if all is un-
 “certain, and *you* are in the minority); then Collins, Wol-
 “laston and Company, — no vile Jesuits here, strong in their

"mendacious malodorous stupidity, despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom or thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is admirable; as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high-lackered brass is gold to this young French friend of his. — Through all which admirations and exaggerations the progress of the young man, toward certain very serious attainments and achievements, is conceivable enough.

"One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with, in England: a German M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius, — concerning whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked *Charles Douze* from the memory of him, there was already mention. The same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, to Osnabrück, that night, *in extremis*: — not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

"Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics: his Poem *La Ligue*, — surreptitiously printed, three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, the perpetrator),* — he now took in hand for his own benefit; washed it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name it is still known over all the world; — and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1726; one of the first things he undertook. Very splendid subscription; headed by Princess Caroline, and much favoured by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the world-

* 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, "M**" in the second form), p. 59.

“renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. For the
“fame of the ‘new epic,’ as this *Henriade* was called, soon
“spread into all lands. And such fame, and other agencies
“on his behalf, having opened the way home for Voltaire,
“he took this sum of Thousands Sterling along with him; laid
“it out judiciously in some city lottery, or profitable scrip
“then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount:
“after which he invested it in Corn-trade, Army Clothing,
“Barbary-trade, Commissariat Bacon-trade, all manner of
“well-chosen trades, — being one of the shrewdest financiers
“on record; — and never from that day wanted abundance of
“money, for one thing. Which he judged to be extremely
“expedient for a literary man, especially in times of Jesuit
“and other tribulation. ‘You have only to watch,’ he would
“say, ‘what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of
“‘agio, are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to
“‘gain there: do not the stupidest of mortals gain there, by
“‘intensely attending to it?’

“Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he
“generally had to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious
“supposititious scandals, when some sharp-set Bookseller, in
“whose way he had laid the savoury article as bait, chose to
“risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing it.
“Next to nothing by his Books; but by his fine finance-talent
“otherwise, he had become possessed of ample moneys.
“Which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had re-
“sources in every Country; and no conceivable combination
“of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic Official Persons
“could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he might
“be forced to run. A man that looks facts in the face; which
“is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like,
“as their way is: but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects
“will follow causes; and that it well beseems a lonely Ishma-

“elite, hunting his way through the howling wildernesses and
“confused ravenous populations of this world, to have money
“in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some 7,000*l.* a
“year, probably as good as 20,000*l.* at present; the richest
“literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remark-
“ablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the se-
“cond phasis of his life” (in which Friedrich now sees him),
“and how it grew out of this first one.

“*Phasis Second* (1728-1733).—Returning home as if quietly
“triumphant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction
“put upon it and him by a neighbouring Nation and by all the
“world, Voltaire was warmly received, in his old aristocratic
“circles, by cultivated France generally; and now in 1728, in
“his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite outlooks
“of a sufficiently royal kind, in Literature and otherwise.
“Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and
“enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with
“women of quality; encourages the indigent and humble;
“eclipses, and in case of need tramples down, the too proud.
“He elegises poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress, — our
“poor friend the Comte de Saxe’s female friend; who loyally
“emptied out her whole purse for him, 30,000*l.* in one sum,
“that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall
“in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there; which proved
“impossible. Elegises Adrienne, we say, and even buries
“her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate-
“females of merit. Especially theatrical females; having much
“to do in the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or
“real preaching-place of cultivated France in those years.
“All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes off with
“surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the
“moment; and always some current of graver enterprise,

"*Siècle de Louis Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it.
 "For he is a most diligent, swift, unresting man; and studies
 "and learns amazingly in such a rackety existence. Vic-
 "torious enough in some senses; defeat, in Literature, never
 "visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one
 "another, rapid brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by
 "the unofficial world; and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon,
 "and the sleepy potentates of Poetry that now are. Which
 "in fact is their result with the public; but not yet in the
 "highest courtly places; — a defect much to be condemned
 "and lamented.

"Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious
 "venomous description; this is another ever-widening shadow
 "in the sunshine. In fact we perceive he has, besides the
 "inner obstacles and griefs, two classes of outward ones:
 "There are Lions on his path and also Dogs. Lions are the
 "Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers,
 "or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Vol-
 "taire does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is
 "but the *orthodoxy* of the cultivated private circles), perceive
 "well enough, even by the *Henriade*, and its talk of 'tolerance,'
 "horror of 'fanaticism' and the like, what this one's '*doxy* is;
 "and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of quality, but
 "a talking spirit with winged words, may be; — and they
 "much annoy and terrify him, by their roaring in the distance.
 "Which roaring cannot, of course, convince; and since it is
 "not permitted to kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into
 "still deeper strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof.
 "These are the Lions on his path: beasts conscious to them-
 "selves of good intentions; but manifesting from Voltaire's
 "point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely
 "to a degree. 'Light is superior to darkness, I should think,'
 "meditates Voltaire; 'power of thought to the want of power!

“The *Ane de Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix), * pretending to use
 “me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus,
 “than transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence
 “superadded?’ Voltaire grows more and more heterodox; and
 “is ripening towards dangerous utterances, though he strives
 “to hold in.

“The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal en-
 “vious persons of the Writing Class, whom his success has
 “offended; and, more generally, all the dishonest hungry
 “persons who can gain a morsel by biting him: and their name
 “is legion. It must be owned, about as ugly a Doggery (*in-
 “fâme Canaille*’ he might well reckon them) as has, before or
 “since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired and
 “set on, as angry suspicion might suggest; but they are
 “covertly somewhat patronised by the Mirepoix, or orthodox
 “Official class. Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites
 “Fréron,—these are but types of an endless Doggery; whose
 “names and works should be blotted out; whose one claim
 “to memory is, that the riding man so often angrily sprang
 “down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence. A vain
 “attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly
 “petitioning and promising; but the rest bark all with new
 “comfort, and even *he* starts again straightway. It is bad
 “travelling in these woods, with such Lions and such Dogs.
 “And then the sparsely scattered *Human* Creatures (so we may
 “call them in contrast, persons of Quality for most part)
 “are not always what they should be. The grand mansions
 “you arrive at, in this waste-howling solitude, prove some-
 “times essentially Robber-towers;—and there may be Armida
 “Palaces, and divine-looking Armidas, where your ultimate
 “fate is still worse.

‘Que le monde est rempli d’enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d’enchanteresses!’

* Poor joke of Voltaire’s, continually applied to this Bishop, or Ex-

"To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, through such a wilderness; with lions, dogs, human robbers and Armidas all about him; himself lonely, friendless under the stars: — one could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits; nor gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

"One of the beautiful creatures of Quality, — we hope, not an Armida, — who came athwart Voltaire, in these times, was a Madame du Châtelet; distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom she had brought a child, or couple of children, there was no formal quarrel; but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, as was by no means a case without example at that time; Monsieur soldiering, and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, in a like humour, doing the best for herself in the high circles of society, to which he and she belonged. Most wearisome barren circles to a person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted to one another, on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

"Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies, in Books: but how much more charming, when they come to you as a Human Philosopher; handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the world. Young Madame was not regularly beautiful; but she was very piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure sciences;

Bishop, — who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, &c.); and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Anc.* (by no means 'Ane,' but 'Ancien, Whilom') de *Mirepoix*, — to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

"and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have known her scuttle off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Voltaire, and make his dim evening radiant to him.* Then again, in public crowds, I have seen them; obliged to dismount, to the peril of Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more intimate, to the extremest degree; and, scorning the world, thank Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Cannot we get away from this seamy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves and our Books?

"Madame was of high quality, one of the Breteuils; but was poor in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Château of theirs, named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne; but so dilapidated, gaunt and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two repair thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they have a mind to. They are recognised as lovers, by the Parisian public, with little audible censure from anybody there, — with none at all from the easy Husband; who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing that way; and is content to take matters as he finds them, without looking below the surface.** For the Ten Commandments are

* One of Voltaire's Letters.

** See (whoever is curious) Madame de Graigny: *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Graigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring

"at a singular pass, in cultivated France at this epoch. Such
"illicit-idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's
"since 1733," — for some three years now, when Friedrich
and we first make acquaintance with him. "It lasted above a
"dozen years more: an illicit marriage after its sort, and sub-
"ject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in
"upon the Cirey Household, ourselves, at some future time;
"and" — This Editor hopes not!

"Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the
"whole, sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy
"now and then.* After ten years, it began to grow decidedly
"dimmer; and in the course of few years more, it became
"undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire 'did not love me as
"formerly':— in fact, if Madame could have seen it, M. de
"Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like; and
"did not care for anything as formerly! Which was a dread-
"ful discovery, and gave rise to results by and by.

"In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Pa-
"ris, and kept awake by multifarious Correspondences, the
"quantity of Literature done by the two was great and miscel-
"laneous. By Madame, chiefly in the region of the pure
"sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions for Prizes,
"and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely
"forgotten long since. By Voltaire, in serious Tragedies,
"Histories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations; —
"mockery getting ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in

1738-1739; straitened there in various respects, — extremely ill off for fuel,
among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing out to us, un-
consciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid,
the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it.
Published, four-score years after, under the above title.

* *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a
joint une Dissertation* (&c. of hers): Paris, 1806.

"prose and verse, amazingly copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant. And it is pleasantly notable, — during these first ten years, — with what desperate intensity, vigilance and fierceness, Madame watches over all his interests and liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude; with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the prettiest in the world; — and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

"An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and in the end somewhat termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. I have heard, their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws, — let us hope at great distances apart: — that 'plates,' in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay they mention 'knives' (though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch: '*Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches*, Don't fix those haggard side-long eyes on me, in that way!' — mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene. But we hope it was only once in the quarter, or seldomer: after which the element would be clearer for some time. A lonesome literary man,

"who has got a Brood Phoenix to preside over him, and fly
"at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought to
"be grateful.

"Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were,
"into Cirey with our readers;" — Not with this Editor or his!
"It will turn out beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable
"illicit resting-place, so far as the illicit can be tolerable, for
"a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes into the illicit. Helpful-
"ness, affection, or the flattering image of such, are by no
"means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more fre-
"quent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort.
"Madame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, '*Rossignol*
"(Nightingale)' the name of him; and gallops fairy-like through
"the winding valleys; being an ardent rider, and well-look-
"ing on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid with — the
"Graigny knows all what: — mere china tiles, gilt sculptures,
"marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study
"fit for the Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame
"could contrive it. Takes coffee with Madame, in the Gal-
"lery, about noon. And his bedroom, I expressly discern,*
"looks out upon a ruining brook, the murmur of which is
"pleasant to one."

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of
Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now ad-
dressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining
afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent
young-man, still so capable of admiration. Model
Epic, *Henriade*; model History, *Charles Douze*; sublime
Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still
know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh

* *Letters of Voltaire.*

in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; — and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man; — which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's-Message of bad-tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steep; with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; — capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope! —

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.* It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides; — but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary

* Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi. xxii. xxiii., Berlin, 1853); who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

(if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest: but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then; and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century; showing on what terms the Sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind: otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for every-

body's finding; and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express Correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's *Printed Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King; — no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him, — perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance; — outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humour towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another. Which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History; and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him, which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence: First Letter of it, and first Response. Two Pieces

which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim; and have much needed condensation, and abridgment by omission of the unessential, — so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime “Wolf” and his “Philosophy,” how he was hunted out of Halle with it, long since; and now shines from Marburg, his “Philosophy” and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader’s fancy will endeavour to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (From the Crown-Prince).

“Berlin, 8th August 1736.

“Monsieur, — Although I have not the satisfaction of “knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me “through your Works. They are treasures of the mind, if I “may so express myself; and they reveal to the reader new “beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have recognised “in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does “honour to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute “on the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients “should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, “and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favour. “With the excellent quality of Poet you join innumerable “others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before put “Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honour was “reserved of doing it first.

“This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings, “induces me to send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation* “and the *Defence of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher “of our days; who, for having carried light into the darkest “places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and

"atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior
"genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and
"envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the
"*Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*," — Translation
done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted, — "from
"the pen of the same Author. I will send it you when it
"is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in
"all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence,
"will strike you.

"The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote
"themselves to the Arts and Sciences, makes me hope that
"you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you
"find worthy of your instructions: — it is so I would call your
"intereourse by Correspondence of Letters; which cannot be
"other than profitable to every thinking being. * *

* * "beauties without number in your works. Your *Hen-*
"*riade* delights me. The tragedy of *César* shows us sustained
"characters; the sentiments in it are magnificent and grand;
"and one feels that Brutus is either a Roman, or else an English-
"man (*ou un Romain ou un Anglais*). Your *Alzire*, to the
"graces of novelty, adds" * *

"Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess
"all your Writings," even those not printed hitherto. "Pray,
"Monsieur, do communicate them to me without reserve. If
"there be amongst your Manuscripts any that you wish to
"conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them
"in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware, that
"the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days;
"nevertheless I hope you will make an exception from the
"general rule in my favour. I should think myself richer in
"the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient
"goods of Fortune. These the same chance grants and takes
"away: your Works one can make one's own by means of

8th Aug. 1736.

"memory, so that they last us whilst it lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

"If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it forever:" but in your hands it becomes ennobled; a melodious "course of morals; worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds (*des honnêtes gens*). You" — in fine, "you inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself: '*Malheureux*, throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One cannot imitate Voltaire, without being "*Voltaire!*"

"It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapours of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux dire, à rien*). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah, would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be, lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

"If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I, at least, hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar; and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am, — With all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labours to the Public, — Monsieur, your affectionate friend,

"FRÉDÉRIC, P.R. of Prussia."*

By what route or conveyance this Letter went, I cannot say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire Letters, — liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course, — do not go by the Post; but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince, at Reinsberg (From Voltaire).

“Cirey, 26th August 1736.

“Monseigneur, — A man must be void of all feeling who
“were not infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal
“Highness has deigned to honour me with. My self-love is
“only too much flattered by it: but my love of Mankind, which
“I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture
“to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a
“very much purer pleasure, — to see that there is, now in the
“world, a Prince who thinks as a man; a *Philosopher Prince*,
“who will make men happy.

“Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but
“owes thanks for the care you take to cultivate by sound phi-
“losophy a soul that is born for command. Good kings there
“never were except those that had begun by seeking to in-
“struct themselves; by knowing good men from bad; by
“loving what was true, by detesting persecution and supersti-
“tion. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might
“bring back the golden age into his Countries! And why
“do so few Princes seek this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur,
“it is because they all think more of their Royalty than of
“Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case: — and, un-
“less, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness

"of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped
"by your People, and loved by the whole world. Philoso-
"phers, worthy of the name, will flock to your States; thinkers
"will crowd round that throne, as the skilfullest artisans
"do to the city where their art is in request. The illus-
"trious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search
"of the Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come
"to seek you.

"May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by
"the quarrels of their Cultivators! A race of men no better
"than Courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false
"and cruel as these," and still more ridiculous in the mischief
they do. "And how sad for mankind that the very Inter-
"preters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I
"mean, are sometimes the most dangerous of all! Professed
"messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure
"ideas and pernicious behaviour; their soul blown out with
"mere darkness; full of gall and pride, in proportion as
"it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not
"of their opinion, is an Atheist; and every King who
"does not favour them will be damned. Dangerous to the
"very throne; and yet intrinsically insignificant:" best way
is, leave their big talk and them alone; speedy collapse will
follow. * * *

"I cannot sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the
"gift of that little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Me-
"taphysical ideas; rays of lightning they are, in the midst
"of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from Meta-
"physics. It does not seem likely that the First-principles
"of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some
"little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is
"eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice
"are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has

"never, that I know of, told his secret to one of us. If any-body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be, to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! "The Heir of a Monarchy, from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monseigneur. * *

"What your Royal Highness thinks of Poetry is just: verses that do not teach men new and touching truths, do not deserve to be read." As to my own poor verses — But, after all, "that *Henriade* is the writing of an Honest Man: fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher Prince.

"I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. You shall be my public, Monseigneur; your criticisms will be my reward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy: your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins: a Prince such as you is a much more singular object; worthier of a long journey! But the friendship" (divine Emilie's) "which keeps me in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, 'Friends should always be preferred to Kings.'

"In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you, — that is to say, for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you always be like your-

"self, and may other Kings be like you! — I am, with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble

"VOLTAIRE."*

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace; and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting; nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high, — high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part extrinsic, — by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly; a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment; now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realise the dream of sages, Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares, — sowing the Earth with orient pearl, to begin with!" — In which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 10.

perceptibly the truer singer; singing within compass, and from the heart; while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own also, Friedrich proves little seducible; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing; — perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are despatched to Cirey; gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber inkholder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as gifts of the very gods. By and by, a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master cannot. What a messenger there; ambassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given; but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year;* and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him, in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into "Cæsarion;" — and I should have said, he plays much upon names and also upon things, at Reinsberg, in that style; and has a good deal

* 3d November 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

of airy symbolism, and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there. Especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it: Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Cæsarion" one of them; with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort. Which are not wholly mummery; but have a spice of reality, to flavour them to a serious young heart. For the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behaviour a strict condition; and indeed several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practical Champions in time coming; — for example Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before, in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there: pleasant to know of, from this distance; but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense; due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse-half; who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant; very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or more; with the "House of Honsbrouck:"* this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts; and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich; which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire

* *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.

solicits of him: "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Bigwigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" Which Friedrich, I think, did, by some good means. Happily by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended, — 1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified; — and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.* But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect; not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay I notice at last, Friedrich had privately determined it never should; Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him. A young man not wanting in private power of eyesight; and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them: — and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs, where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing: the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he

* Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters*, — not much worth hunting up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

who is now doing those *Translations of Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen; translating *Wolf* at large, for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of *Wolf's* chief Book; found it too abstruse, in *Wolf's* German: wherefore *Suhm* translates; sends it to him in limpid French; fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire, — gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence*; staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works out subventions, loans under a handsome form, from the Czarina's and other Courts. Which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam. Wherefore *Suhm* and the Prince have a covert language for it; and affect still to be speaking of "Publishers" and "new Volumes," when they mean Lenders and Bank-Draughts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was, in "rouleaus of new gold." We need not doubt the wholesome charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and indeed his real love of the amiable *Suhm*, as *Suhm's* of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters: but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

"Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, but quarrelled with August, owing to some frail female it is said, and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in the volunteer political line withal; being a very busy pushing gentleman. Tall of stature, 'perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;'* great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too. Writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-knowing style. High manners traceable in him; but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage; — Friedrich, just getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned 'the quantity of fair-sex' that had come about him there:

"*Berlin, 26th August 1736 (To the Crown-Prince). * * I am well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and so manage that your fair-sex will be charmed to find themselves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place, what I one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now attend to that*

* *Formey: Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 39-45.

“object, will be of better effect than all those hasty and
“transitory visits at Berlin were. At least, I wish it with the
“best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding
“thus into everything which concerns your Royal Highness;’
“— In truth, I am a rather impudent, busy-bodyish fellow,
“with superabundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance;
“and shall get myself ordered out of the Country, by my pre-
“sent correspondent, by and by. — ‘Being ever’, with the due
“enthusiasm, “‘MANTEUFEL.’”*

“To which Friedrich’s Answer is of a kind to put a gag
“in the foul mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteer-
“ings, that were once very copious in the world; and, in
“particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. Zimmermann, and
“his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got together
“in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circum-
“stances; —

“Which is the one good result I have gathered
“from the Manteufel Correspondence,” continues our
German friend; whom I vote with! — Or if the English
reader never saw those Zimmermann or other dog-like
Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be
mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English
reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich’s Correspondence, literary and other; and what kind of event the transit of that Post-functionary “from Fehrbellin northwards,” with his leathern bags, “twice a-week,” may have been at Reinsberg, in those years.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 487; — Friedrich’s Answer is, Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib. 489).

CHAPTER III.

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL

THURSDAY, 25th October 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighbourly civility there; on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off, in a northerly direction; Reinsberg being close on the frontier there. A pleasant enough morning's-drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-coloured woods and you.

Mirow is an Apanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches; Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state, — but indeed, we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg Letters of his:

"To his Prussian Majesty (From the Crown-Prince)."

"Reinsberg, 26th October 1736.

* * "Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my "Most All-gracious Father an idea of the place, I cannot "likens it to anything higher than Gross-Kreutz" (term of comparison lost upon us; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*): "the one house in it, that can be called a "house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I made straight "for the Schloss; which is pretty much like the Gardenhouse "in Bornim: only there is a rampart round it; and an "old Tower, considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to "the House.

"Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box and musket laid to a side, that they might not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I advanced, he asked, 'Whence I "came, and whitherward I was going?' I answered, that "I came from the Posthouse, and was going over this "Bridge: whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran "to the Tower; where he opened a door, and called out the "Corporal. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of "bed; and in his great haste, had not taken time to put on "his shoes, nor quite button his breeches; with much flurry "he asked us, 'Where we were for, and how we came to treat "the Sentry in that manner?' Without answering him at "all, we went our way towards the Schloss.

"Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, "had it not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the "door-posts, and the figures of two Cranes standing in front "of them, by way of Guards. We made up to the House; "and after knocking almost half an hour to no purpose, there "peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, who looked as "if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. The

"poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified; she
"slammed the door to in our faces. We knocked again; and
"seeing there could nothing be made of it, we went round to
"the stables; where a fellow told us, 'The young Prince with
"his Consort was gone to Neu-Strelitz, a couple of miles off'
(ten miles English); 'and the Duchess his Mother, who lives
"here, had given him, to make the better figure, all her
"people along with him; keeping nobody but the old woman
"to herself.'

"It was still early; so I thought I could not do better than
"profit by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz.
"We took post-horses; and got thither about noon. Neu-
"Strelitz is properly a Village; with only one street in it,
"where Chamberlains, Chancery-men, Domestics all lodge,
"and where there is an Inn. I cannot better describe it to my
"Most All-gracious Father, than by that street in Gumbinnen-
"where you go up to the Townhall, — except that no house
"here is whitewashed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a
"lake, with a big garden; pretty much like Reinsberg in
"situation.

"The first question I asked here was for the Prince of
"Mirow: but they told me he had just driven off again to a
"place called Kanow; which is only a couple of miles English
"from Mirow, where we had been. Buddenbrock, who is ac-
"quainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, from a chamberlain,
"something to eat; and in the mean while, that Böhme came
"in, who was Adjutant in my Most All-gracious Father's
"Regiment" (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): "Böhme
"did not know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me,
"The Duke of Strelitz was an excellent seamster; fit to be
"Tailor to your Majesty in a manner, had not Fate been cruel,
"and that he made beautiful dressing-gowns (*cassaquins*) with
"his needle.' This made me curious to see him; so we had

"ourselves presented as Foreigners; and it went off so well that nobody recognised me. I cannot better describe the Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl" (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), "in a blonde Abbé's-periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath Altrock tells him, as it were, everything he has to say." About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

"Having taken leave, we drove right off to Kanow; and got thither about six. It is a mere Village; and the Prince's Pleasure-House (*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting-Lodge, such as any Forest-keeper has. "I called in at the Miller's; and had myself announced" at the *Lusthaus* "by his maid: upon which the Major-Domo (*Haus-Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and complimented me; with whom I proceeded to the Residenz," — that is, back again to Mirow, "where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them all," — still under sixty; good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage, when visiting the more opulent Serenities. "His Aunt also," mother's sister, "was there. The Lady Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: she was in the family-way; but (*aber*) seemed otherwise to be a very good Princess.

"The first thing they entertained me with was, the sad misfortune come upon their best Cook; who, with the cart that was bringing the provisions, had overset, and broken his arm; so that the provisions had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table; and, sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come

"to some mishap; for certainly in the Three Crowns at Potsdam" (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein), "there is better eating than here.

"At table, there was talk of nothing but of all the German "Princes who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*)," — as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! "There was Weimar,* Gotha, Waldeck, Hoym, and the "whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet: — and after our "good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose, — and he "lovingly promised me that 'he and his whole Family would "come and visit Reinsberg.' Come he certainly will; but "how I shall get rid of him, God knows.

"I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-gracious "Father for this long Letter; and" — we will terminate here.**

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses, fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind; and that little, rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be, — a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new

* Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Balreuth Sister-in-law by Wilhelmina (*Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii. 185-194): Grandfather of Goethe's Friend; — is nothing like fairly out of his wits; only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

** (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 104-106.

curiosity, when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg. Which he does within the fortnight:

"To his Prussian Majesty (From the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 8th November 1736.

* * "that my Most All-gracious Father has had the graciousness to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted at the fine Present sent her."
* * "General Prætorius," Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, "came hither yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

"This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me, with word that there was a Staffette come with Letters," — from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! "I spring up in all haste; and opening the Letter, — find it is from the Prince of Mirow; who informs me that 'he will be here to-day at noon.' I have got all things in readiness to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there will be material for some amusement to my Most All-gracious Father, by next post." — Next post is half-a-week hence:

"To his Prussian Majesty (From the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * "The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my Most All-gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last, I mentioned how General Prætorius had come to us: he was in the room, when I entered with the Prince of Mirow; at sight of him Prætorius exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by everybody, '*Voilà le Prince Cajuca!*'* Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

* Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

"Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his worse luck, that Prince Heinrich," the Ill Margraf, "was come; — who accordingly trotted him out, in such a way that we thought we should all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, especially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in dancing. And indeed I thought the dancing would never end.

"In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat," — a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think, — "we stept out to shoot at target in the rain: he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much anxiety about the coat. In the evening, he got a glass or two in his head, and grew extremely merry; said at last, 'He was sorry that, for divers state-reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity return home;' — which, however, he put off till about two in the morning. I think, next day he would not remember very much of it.

"Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;" Prætorius too is off; — and we end with the proper *Kow-tow*.*

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin; and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz: plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present, it is Dowager Apanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived, these twenty-eight years past; a Schwarzburg by birth, "the cleverest head among them all." Twenty-eight years, in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest stepson (child of a prior wife), been Supreme

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. part 3d, p. 109.

Oct.-Nov. 1786:

Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how, — collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other Son; this clever Lady's, twenty years junior, — "Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one; age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ("May 1708"), has been at Mirow with Mamma; getting what education there was, — not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, "in 1726," Mamma sent him off upon his travels; to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked in upon Vienna, too; got a Lieutenant Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up; and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife, — having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a Daughter; and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by and by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte, — subsequently Mother of England: much to her and our astonishment.*

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died, 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year; Tailor

* Born (at Mirow), 19th May 1744; married (London), 8th September 1761; died, 18th November 1818 (Michaelis, li. 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Oertel, pp. 43, 22).

Duke *surviving* him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes; — who also is genealogically notable. For from him there came another still more famous Queen: Louisa of Prussia; beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree; and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety; fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed there is no farther History of him, for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder, by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable? Poor downpressed brother mortal; somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too, before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they

are, swept accurately together, from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

"*Reinsberg, 18th November 1736.* * * report most submissively that the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with "his Mother, Wife, Aunt, Hofdames, Cavaliers and entire "Household; so that I thought it was the Flight into Egypt. "I begin to have a fear of these good people, as they assured "me they would have such pleasure in coming often!"

"*Reinsberg, 1st February 1737.*" Let us give it in the Original too, as a specimen of German spelling:

"*Der Printz von Mirow ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewesen "und haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren "gesmissen, seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder ge- "Komen.— Der General schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und "wirdt morgen"* — That is to say:

"The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago; and we "let off, in honour of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: "his Wife has been brought to bed of a dead Princess. "General Schulenburg" (with a small s) "came hither today; "and tomorrow will" * * .

"*Reinsberg, 28th March 1737.* * * Prince von Mirow was "here yesterday; and went shooting birds with us: he "cannot see rightly, and shoots always with help of an "opera-glass."

"*Reinsberg, 20th October 1737.* The Prince of Mirow was "with us last Friday; and babbled much in his high way; "among other things, white-lied to us, that the Kaiserinn "gave him a certain porcelain snuffbox he was handling; but "on being questioned more tightly, he confessed to me he had "bought it in Vienna." *

* *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (caret in *Œuvres*); pp. 85-114. — See *Ib.*, 6th November 1737, for faint trace of a visit; and 25th September 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

And so let him somnambulate yonder, till the Two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as "very attractive, *sehr anziehende Briefe*;" which to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them. Letters very hard to understand completely; and rather insignificant when understood. They turn on 'Gifts' sent to and sent from; "swans," "hams," with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that "there is no sickness in the Regiment," or tell expressly how much: — wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipeclay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown-Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and on the whole struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first Visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen; and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.*

* *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size, by suitable omissions; and properly spelt; but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 1-123 (Berlin, 1856).

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales. Discrepancies risen now to a height; and getting into the very Newspapers; — the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own; and finally a Wife, as he had requested: a Sachsen-Gotha Princess; who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due — When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when! But apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way. Or if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty, — “Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look out for himself in that matter.” Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential

Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth, — in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought, — instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night, — safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment, — unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not, it was malice aforethought all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffeehouses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred

obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care.* What a noise in England about nothing at all! — What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish "rising sun" not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object! —

But in a month or two, there comes worse news out of England; falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty: news that Queen Caroline herself is dead.** Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal: much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses*

* Lord Hervey: *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. 362-370, 409.

** "Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.) 1737." *Ib.* pp. 510-539.

(No, I'll have mistresses!)” sobbed his Majesty passionately. “*Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder!)” answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vapouring, little King: seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. “Dead!” thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back, through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: “Dead!” — Walpole continued to manage the little King: but not for long; England itself rising in objection. Jenkins’s Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton; and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting, when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk, — Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them, since that “Treaty of the Pruth,” and Czar Peter’s sad rebuff there: — Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737; and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop, tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things; this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow; — takes Oczakow, — fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reins-

berg and elsewhere. Concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

"Oczakow, 13th July 1737. Day before yesterday, Feld-marschall Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned," — strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper; — "with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could anybody say when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the very face of the earth the Turks have burnt: not a blade of grass for cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a hole for covert, and the ground so hard you cannot raise redoubts on it: — Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

"On his right, by the seashore, Münnich finds some remains of gardens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, 11th July, with only half success); and on the morrow commences firing with what artillery he has. Much out-fired by the Turks inside; — his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day the firing continues, and all night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak, we notice burning in the interior, "Some wooden house kindled by us, town got on fire yonder," — and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in quenching it again. Münnich turns out, in various divisions; intent on trying something, had he the least engineering furniture; — hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still visible.

"In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a "deliberate stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know "better; Münnich himself is to the right: Could not one try "it by scalade; keep the internal burning free to spread, at "any rate? 'Advance within musket-shot, General Keith!' "orders Münnich's Aide-de-Camp cantering up. 'I have "been this good while within it,' answers Keith, pointing to "his dead men. Aide-de-Camp canters up a second time: "'Advance within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit "'any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his re- "spects to Feldmarschall Münnich, his remonstrance against "such a waste of human life. Aide-de-Camp canters up a "third time: 'Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; "hopes General Keith will do his best to coöperate!' 'For- "ward then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; "finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of en- "gineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours; his men, "under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; "Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner: — "till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a busi- "ness, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. "Münnich gives himself up for lost. And indeed, says Mann- "stein, had the Turks sallied out in pursuit at that moment, "they might have chased us back to Russia. But the Turks "did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not quenched, "far from it; — and about nine A.M. their Powder-Magazine, "conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed "seven thousand of them,"* —

So⁶ that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only: and every remaining Turk packs off from it,

* Mannstein, pp. 151-156.

some "twenty thousand inhabitants young and old" for one sad item. — A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles, — where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so 'ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited, in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower-Donau Countries, — going to besiege Widdin, they say, — at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy) — virtually Commander-in-Chief; though nominally our fine young friend, Franz of Lorraine bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practised. Going to besiege Widdin, they say. So has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;* I fear his advisers, — a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favourite among them, — are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favourite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of

* Died 30th April 1736.

his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court; — and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

“*Kolitz, 2d July 1737.* This day, the Army not being on “march, but allowed to rest itself, Grand Duke Franz went “into the woods to hunt. Hunting up and down, he lost him- “self; did not return at evening; and, as the night closed in “and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo *ad Latus* “(such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in “much alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole “force of drummers, trumpeters: To fling themselves, post- “wise, deeper and deeper into the woods all round; to drum “there, and blow, in ever-widening circle, in prescribed notes, “and with all energy, till the Grand Duke were found. Grand “Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked; a “thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried,” — voice snuffing somewhat in alt, with lisp to help: — “so “that the Grand Duke took offence; flung off in a huff: and “always looked askance on the Feldmarschall from that “time;”* — quitting him altogether before long; and march- ing with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widdin will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians, this summer.

* See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son; Berlin 1806), I. 27.

Pöllnitz, in Tobacco-Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always, Seckendorf will come to nothing; which his Majesty zealously contradicts, — his Majesty, and some short-sighted private individuals still favourable to Seckendorf.* Exactly one week after that singular drum-and-trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the Last of the Medici dies at Florence;** and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand-Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain: a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some 200,000*l.* a-year during the brief intermediate state.

Of Berg-and-Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty, in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating; but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself, but Karl Philip alone, who is verging towards eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to

* Pöllnitz; *Memoiren*, II. 497-499.

** 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.*, p. 304).

be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip; and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part, instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do anything for peace!" To which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner; pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. "We hate war; but cannot quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense; vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years. The details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to his Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship: nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience, than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favour; — by formal Treaty of their own,* France and the Kaiser settle, "That the Sulz-

* "Versailles, 13th January 1739" (Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, I. 13); Mauvillon, II. 405-446; &c.

bachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession, on the now Serenity's decease; and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide; — and we know what are the *nine-points* in a Law-case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods, when old Kur-Pfalz should die, — of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve Countries, and so welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years: so that the matter fell into other hands, — and was settled very well, near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal, — Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liège's neighbourhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise, — we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal; and by the Bishop of Liège's highflown procedures in countenancing them; — especially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.*

* "December 1738" is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); "17th February 1739," Bishop's highflown appearance in it (ib. 67); Kaiser's in consequence, "10th April 1739."

The Kaiser too was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop; — for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness; and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria, to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose, about recruiting or the like. "One might go and live at Venice, were one rid of it!"* And his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out, from time to time; though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too; seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble; of whom there is a light dash of outline-portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This "fat King of Prussia," says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

"He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius; who "certainly of all Ministers of Crowned Heads was the worst "paid. This poor man, to warm himself, had made some trees "be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, which belonged at "that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon received "despatches from the King, intimating that a year of his

* Förster (place lost).

"salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat "with probably the one razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an "old valet came to his assistance, and unhappily saved his "life. In after years, I found his Excellency at the Hague; "and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the "*Vieille Cour* (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of "Prussia, where this poor Ambassador had lived a dozen "years. It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm."*

Here truly is a witty sketch; consummately dashed off, as nobody but Voltaire could; "round as Giotto's O," done at one stroke. Of which the prose facts are only as follows. Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from headquarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession, — being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbours and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint, delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration; frank assurance to the High Mightinesses, That there would be no war. Which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon; who produced defensively his instruction from headquarters; but got only rebukes

* (*Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii. 15.

for such heavy-footed clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt; — and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic function, as unfit for it; and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there, — “cutting trees,” planting trees, or whatever it was; — and this produced such an effect on Luiscius, that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal; and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. “It was not the first time “he had tried that feat,” says Pöllnitz, “and been “prevented; nor was it long till he made a new attempt, which was again frustrated: and always afterwards his relations kept him close in view;” Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also “settling a pension on him;” adequate, we can hope, and not excessive; “which Luiscius continued to receive, at the Hague, so long as he lived.” These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.*

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague; where he gracefully cele-

* Pöllnitz, ii. 496, 496; — the “new attempt” seems to have been, June 1739” (*Gentleman’s Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

brates the decayed forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries "veiled under the biggest spiderwebs in Europe:" for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call, "giving alms to a Prussian Excellency;" — not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act! Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior, with no result that we hear of farther; and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: "ran away "from the Cleve Country" (probably some madhouse there) "above a year ago, I hear; and what is the "matter where such a crackbrain end?"*

* Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October 1740), lxxii. 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib. 265: *Preuss*, xxii. 33.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT AT LOO.

THE Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatising upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a Journey to Holland; to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on; Crown-Prince to accompany. Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days; — mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries; so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July, they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries; and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected, — English George's Daughter, own Niece to his Prussian Majesty, — are in waiting for this distinguished honour. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once; at the Siege of Philipsburg four

years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time; since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man; he has a crooked back, and features conformable; but is of prompt vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humour. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon —!" answered she; being so heartily tired of St. James's. And in fact, for anything I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess; — next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast, all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, "eyelids like upper-lips," for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time! —

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked, — cordial, honourable, unceremonious; and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too; as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise

creature, after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes, in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: "Loo, close by the "Village Appeldoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built "with architectural regularity; has finely decorated "rooms, beautiful gardens, and round are superb alleys "of oak and linden."* There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince, for these three days; — and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire. Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel; and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.**

No doubt a glad incident; irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to; news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes; how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ("Sixth *Discours*" arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse, such verse! — and in prose, very earnestly, an "*Anti-Macchiavel*;" which

* Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 69.

** (*Euvres*, xxi. 203, the Letter, "Cirey, June 1738;" Ib. 222, the Answer to it, "Loo, 6th August 1738."

soon afterwards filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, "M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*,* is out;" M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there; the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness, one day? suggests Voltaire, on this occasion: and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms; — fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

"*Loo in Holland, 6th August 1738.* * * I write from a place "where there lived once a great man" (William III. of England, our Dutch William); "which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy "poisons over his days. He might be the most fortunate of "men; and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful Palace "here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant Court. "It is pity in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit (*in-* "*finiment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities." Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

"I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Prince," — about Newton; never hinted at Amelia; not per-

* Paris, 1738: Maupertuis's "measurement of a degree," in the utmost North, 1736-7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief. The only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

missible! — “from Newton we passed to Leibnitz; and from “Leibnitz to the late Queen of England,” Caroline lately gone, “who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke’s sentiment” on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind. — And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England! But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we cannot give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence, and some others; which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct, — studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height, — admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince’s, and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire’s.

*Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason; and is harangued
by Monsieur de Bielfeld.*

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo; discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even on more private matters, in a frank unconstrained way. He is not to be called “Majesty” on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was,

with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich-and-Berg question, aim of this Journey; earnest enough private talk with some of them: but it availed nothing; and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance; and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is, — That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason: and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld, on the occasion; who afterwards wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.* Trifling circumstance of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befel in manner following.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg, — Prince of small territory, but of great speculation; whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connexions; and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe, in a high fantastic style: — he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all; and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-

* Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld: *Lettres Familières et Autres*, 1763; — second edition, 2 vols. à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be; Tom-foolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence; and was so respectful, eloquent, dextrous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside; talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction, — his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them, That Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown-Prince's road homeward, — say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be, — and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.*

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighbourhood, during the Cleve-Review time; "probably at Minden, 17th July;" and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.** Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure

* Bielfeld, i. 14-16; Preuss, i. 111; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 41.

** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht,

at Brunswick, as he saw it and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge; of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg; these, with "Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tiler," Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind, — were to have the honour of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, pedlars, showmen rendezvousing; many neighbouring Nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate; — but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to "Korn's Hôtel" (if anybody now knew it); and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hôtel, says Bielfeld; but can be put up with; — worst feature is,

"Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe" he calls him; date, "Moyland, 26th July 1738;" Moyland, a certain *Schloss*, or habitable Mansion, of his Majesty's, few miles to north of Mürs in the Cleve Country; where his Majesty used often to pause; — and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting, two years hence.

we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear! —

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos, arrived, Sunday the 12th; to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night: at Korn's Hôtel, late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage-properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tiler (Kielmanns-egge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour, on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him, this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers, he is lying dead drunk hours ago, could not overhear a cannon-battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate; and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanour of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so "intrepid," and "possessed himself so "gracefully in the most critical instants." Extremely

genial air, and so young, looks younger even than his years: handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; "his large "blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet and "gracious." Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make despatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him! — Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand; with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present; and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here, these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children; a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever, by the fond parents; — who has many things to do in the world, by and by; to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena, for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here, so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine Younger

Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance; just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:* a fine eupeptic loyal young fellow; who, in a twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War-Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with outlooks high enough: To wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul! — These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit, in Fair-time; and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope: but it behoves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen, in the course of this Journey, "So rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly;" — and what a shock would this of Korn's Hôtel be, should Papa hear of it!

* Mauvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise): *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzog von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i. 17-25.

Poor Papa, from officious talebearers he hears many things; is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies; — and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg, on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, “to take the Communion” there, by way of casehardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers! — We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction; and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased; and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince; — succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg, not many months after this; Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn’s, comes (we may say) anything whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry, at Reinsberg or elsewhere, occasionally, for a year or two; but was never ardent in it; and very soon after his Accession, left off altogether: “Child’s-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly!” A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place; and only his Portrait (a wel-

comely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless "fire," but too "fatuous;" mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how! —

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side; but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools.* A windy fantastic individual; — overwhelmed in finance-difficulties too! Lippe continued writing; but "only Secretaries now answered him" from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote too, but notable in Artillery-practice and otherwise, will turn up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way; — knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg "Sealing-wax Manufacturer," not ill off for money: Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists: still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; consider-

* "Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,

Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens."

Œuvres, xi. 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseté*, written 1740).

ably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see; and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there; — was, by and by, employed in slight functions; not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years, he got a title of Baron; and sold his heart more advantageously, to some rich Widow or Fräulein; with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familiales et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority. But the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimates that these "Letters" never can have gone through a terrestrial Post-Office; that they are an afterthought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat; — a sorrowful ghost-like "*Travels of Anacharsis*," instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited "freely" at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions: — foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! For the man, in spite of his lace ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind: he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it! — Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they

are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hôtel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrastlings with the Turk War, and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks, — where thinks the reader? — in the Fortress of Grätz among the Hills of Styria; a State-Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth, in 1737, "such an Army, for number, spirit and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before;" and it must be owned, his ill success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him, — an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief, — was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army; but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him: which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long. Roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans sud-

denly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches; till it was marched gradually off its feet; and the clouds of chaotic Turks, who did finally show face, had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except indeed that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse; and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all! — Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War, as the Russians do, — who indeed have got a General equal to his task: Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War-Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.*

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabring on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it; on polite pretexts, home to Vienna; and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him, That he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest; arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or two. "Hmph!"

* See *Mannstein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

snuffled he; with brow blushing slate-colour, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for life with the *Hofkriegsrath*; who want satisfaction upon "eighty-six" different "points;" and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach, too: "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bedroom, continue. One evening, 21st July 1738, glorious news from the seat of War, — not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting, — enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three-times-three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt; break the Seckendorf windows; intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. "The house captain and his twelve musketeers, of themselves, did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:" "*Jarni-bleu*" for the last time! — This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel; sound asleep, most likely; Loo, and the Masonic adventure, perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning, an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf, That he, for his part, must awaken, and go to Grätz. And in one hour more (3 A.M.), the Official Gentleman rolls off with him; drives all day; and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz: — “Not so much as a “room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in “the carriage,” till some summary preparation were made. Wall-neighbours of the poor Feldmarschall, in his Fortress here, were “a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist), who had gone crazy; and an Irish Lieutenant, “confined thirty-two years for some love adventure, “likewise pretty crazy; their noises in the night-time “much disturbed the Feldmarschall.”* One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall’s old Gräfinn. True old Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, “imprisoned along with him” if it must be so; ministering, comforting, as only a true Wife can; — and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall; now turned of sixty: never made such a Campaign before, as this of ’37 followed by ’38! There sits he; and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser’s lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune’s wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly; and is almost sorry for him, after all that has come and gone.

* *Seckendorfs Leben*, II. 170-277. .See *Schmettau*, pp. 27-59.

The Ear of Jenkins reëmerges.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is now almost four months after date:

“*London, 1st April 1738.* In the English House of Commons, much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House, examining witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain, and her West-Indian procedures; — she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cutting out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard, nay have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all nations. Fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put up with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, ‘presided by Alderman Perry,’ has not ears enough to hear the imensities of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when — what shall we say? — the *Ear of Jenkins* reëmerged for the second time; and produced important effects!

“Where Jenkins had been all this while, — stedfastly navigating to and fro, stedfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labours, yet privately ‘always keeping his lost Ear in cotton’ (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling), — no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home in London at this time; no doubt a noted member of Wapping

“society, the much-enduring Jenkins. And witnesses, “probably not one but many, had mentioned him to this Committee, as a case eminently in point. Committee, as can still “be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, orders: ‘*Die Jovis*, “‘16^o Martii 1737—8, That Captain Robert Jenkins do “attend this House immediately;’ and then more specially, “‘17^o Martii,’ — captious objections having risen in Official “quarters, as we guess, — ‘That Captain Robert Jenkins do “attend upon Tuesday morning next.’* Tuesday next is “21st March, — 1st of April 1738 by our modern Calendar; — “and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does attend; narrates “that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years “ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida; and produces his “Ear wrapt in cotton; — setting all on flame (except the “Official persons) at sight of it.”

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavoured to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers, That Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing; as one still reads in the History Books.** Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins’s account was doubtless abundantly emphatic; but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it, — not to be soothed by Official wet-cloths; but getting worse and worse, for the nineteen months ensuing. And in short — But we will not anticipate!

* *Commons Journals*, xxiii. (in diebus).

** Coxe, Tindal (xx. 372), &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

THE Idyllium of Reinsberg, — of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can no history be given, — lasted less than four years; and is now coming to an end, unexpectedly soon. A pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life; — though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens; and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events: not much worth noticing here.* But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature; and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg; — brightened especially by the Literary Element; which, in this year 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it: in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the

* See Pöllnitz, ii. 509-515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ("Berlin, 20th January 1739:" in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, pp. 60-61); &c. &c.

Literature there (having her reasons); but must at last take some notice of it, among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, "courting tranquillity," as his door-lintel intimated,* and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg; the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there. To Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest; while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant; a thing to be shunned, not sought. So that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas, we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to

* "*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*" (Infra, p. 256).

be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under: here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious; — here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel-bright* kind of soul; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning: done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure; — though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. "Nobody in these days," says my poor Friend, "has the least notion of the sinful waste there 'is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably 'that King Friedrich had written no Verses; nay I 'know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship 'any good!" Which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes, — they are thought very fine: but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on

call of real business; so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except underground. And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of bystanders, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life. — If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency; and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him than speaking with a will; than fantasizing on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter; — and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace; and the Anti-Macchiavel.

In late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project; which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of "John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver?" John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did "Tapestries of the House of Lords," and other things of a celebrated nature; famous at home and abroad: but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an

Edition of *Horace*: exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection, as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved; all by the exquisite burin of Pine.* This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world; and was by and by, as rumour bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace*, part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious; and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius; and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was, That Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade*, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus*; text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact; by the exquisite burin of Pine. Which idea the young hero-worshiper, in spite of his finance-difficulties, had resolved to realise; and was even now busy with it, since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demigod!" Alas, yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going; and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realise it-

* "London, 1737" (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv. 465).

self; and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade*. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil*; probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade*; "could not for seven years to come enter upon it:" so that the matter had to die away; and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation*, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready, — which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works* and in Friedrich's, if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished, "the 10th August 1739;" and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand, which did take effect; — much worthy of mention, this year; the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te-Deum* at sight of it next year. In this year falls, what at any rate was a great event to Friedrich, as literary man, the printing of his first Book, — assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that "celebrated *Anti-Macchiavel*," ever-praiseworthy Refutation of Macchiavel's *Prince*; concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire-Correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's-employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year

* *Œuvres*, xiii. 393-402.

1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring 1740; nor actually come out till Autumn, — by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances: — but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

"The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Macchiavel's, years ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or apprentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability; and came by degrees, obliquely fishing out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the notion of refuting Macchiavel; and did refute him, the best he could. Set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious doctrines; elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance, till they swelled into a little Volume; which, so excellent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next Summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence: for the Prince has at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article.* Voltaire himself, — such

* Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March 21, June 17*, "Macchiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich, "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March 22*, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, *December 4*; — "a Book which ought to be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April 26*, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears, "end of *September*," when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

“his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own, in those parts, — takes charge of correcting; lodges himself in the ‘Old Court’ (Prussian Mansion, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where ‘Luisius,’ figuratively speaking, may ‘get an alms’ from us); and therefrom corrects, alters; corresponds with the Prince and Van Duren, at a great rate. Keeps correcting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale; — and privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren. A treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire; but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues; intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in Autumn next,” — the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title, — “not one *Anti-Macchiavel* only, but a couple or a trio of *Anti-Macchiavels*; as printed ‘at the Hague;’ as reprinted ‘at London’ or elsewhere; the confused Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire Text, Authorised Edition, ‘end of September 1740;’ then came, in few weeks, the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the variations given as footnotes: — in short, I know not how many editions, translations, printings and reprintings; all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to read it in any form.

“As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions; and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut out for him in the months that came. But how zealous the world's humour was in that matter, no

"modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful "Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we sometimes "cite, there are, excerpted from the then 'Bibliothèques' "(*Nouvelle Bibliothèque* and another; shining Periodicals of "the time, now gone quite dead), two 'reviews' of the *Anti-Macchiavel*, which fill modern readers with amazement; such "a *Domine dimittas* chanted over such an article! — These "details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are "now infinitely unimportant."

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Macchiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type;* and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours; but, alas, almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever. So different is present tense from past, in all things, especially in things like these! It is six score years since the *Anti-Macchiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say, with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a

* Preuss: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii. 61-163.

new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas, in these six score years, it has been found so easy to profess and speak, even with sincerity. The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent; and the Sham-Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us, the more they speak and profess! — This *Anti-Macchiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Macchiavel. Nay it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair: but that is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps indeed mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Macchiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with anybody that can believe in Macchiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Macchiavel*; impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolo Macchiavelli and his perverse little Book: — pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolo

serious in this perverse little Book; or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world! —

The printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations: and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an *Anti-Macchiavel*, then? Pfui!" Of which, — though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments, — we shall say nothing: the reader, looking for himself, will judge by and by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Macchiavel*. Composition of *Anti-Macchiavel* and speculation of the *Pine Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen.

A tragically great Event coming on.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review-journey.* Such attendance on Review-journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual; they are agreeable excursions,

* "Set out, 7th July" (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, 67 n).

and cannot but be instructive as well. On this occasion, things went beautifully with him. Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time; — and two very special pleasures befel him. First was, a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again; busy men, with their industries, their steady pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving cornfields; — a very "*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called.* The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers; — and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humour with everybody.

"*Insterburg*, 27th July 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). ** "Prussian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty to forty broad; ** it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of this Century; and they say "Three-hundred Thousand people died of disease and famine." Ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I.; till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up, in earnest.

"Since that time," say twenty years ago, "there is no expense that the King has been afraid of, in order to succeed in "his salutary views. He made, in the first place, regulations "full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever the Pestilence had

* Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, ii. 1049.

** "Miles English," we always mean, unless &c.

"desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of Europe," Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item, "were conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade began to flourish again; — and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than it ever did.

"There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone; who not only gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfilment; and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world.

"I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren, as well as to your French, English, German, or other, — all the more as, to my great astonishment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French. — I have found something so heroic, in the generous and laborious way in which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a reëstablishment.

"I daily expect news of you from Enghien" (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * "The divine Emilie; * * the Duke" (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier, of convivial turn, — remote Welsh-Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts; * not otherwise interesting), "whom

* Born 23d May 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 18th Dec. 1814 ("danse, mais il ne marche pas").

"Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * Adieu. Ne
"*m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*"*

This is one pleasant scene, to the Crown-Prince and us, in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him; satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen, — lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel river; — very extensive Horse-Establishment, "with seven farms under it," say the Books, and all "in the most perfect order," they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homewards again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen; thou must go back and look to it;" — which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon 2,000 *l.* a year (12,000 thalers); a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good humour with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself; and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wilhelmina, to

* *Œuvres*, xxi. 304, 305.

Camas and others who have a right to know such a thing. Grand useful gift; and handed over by Papa grandly, in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I give it thee, Fritz!" A thing not to be forgotten. "At bottom Friedrich Wilhelm was "not avaricious" (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar cannot do), "not avaricious," says Pöllnitz once; "he made munificent gifts, "and never thought of them more." This of Trakehnen, — perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen, on this glad errand; settled the business details there; and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own; — well satisfied with this Prussian Review-journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review-journey: the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him, — in fact recovered him, bringing off the bad humours in quantity, — by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues, this old wound broke out again; which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty; and could not be neglected, as

probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in; who, in two days, healed the wound, — and declared all to be right again; though in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. "All well here," writes Friedrich; "the King has been out of order, but is now entirely re-covered (*tout à fait remis*)."*

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg; — gift of Trakehnen, and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen, winding it up. Directly on the heel of which, his Majesty turned homewards, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzic, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humour, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzic Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all; — and, alas, his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pöllnitz's account of the journey homewards:

"Till now," till Pillau and Dantzic, "his Majesty had been "in especially good humour; but in Dantzic his cheerfulness "forsook him; — and it never came back. He arrived about "ten at night in that City" (Wednesday, 12th August or "thereby); "slept there; and was off again next morning at "five. He drove only fifty miles this day; stopped in Lupow" (coast road through Pommern), "with Herr von Grumkow"

* "Königsberg, 30th July 1739," to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 6).

(the late Grumkow's Brother), "Kammer President in this Pommern Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village "near Belgard, eighty miles farther;" — last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road; — "and stayed there overnight.

"At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon "Regiment von Platen; and was very ill-content with it. "And nobody, with the least understanding of that business, "but must own that never did Prussian Regiment manœuvre "worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head "and got into open confusion. The King did all that was "possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice "over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it "was all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained "himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in "public. He got into his carriage, and drove away with the "Fürst of Anhalt," Old Dessauer, "and Von Winterfeld," Captain in the Giant Regiment, "who is now Major-General "von Winterfeld;* not staying to dine with General von "Platen, as was always his custom with Commandants whom "he had reviewed. He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of "us stay and dine; he himself drove away," — towards the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

"We stayed accordingly; and did full justice to the good "cheer," — though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. "But as the Prince was anxious to come up "with his Majesty again, and knew not where he would meet "him, we had to be very swift with the business.

"We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by and "by; sitting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold "pie there, which the Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have

* Major-General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th September 1757.

"with him; his Majesty, owing to what he had seen on the "parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humour (*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty "or two hundred miles; and arrived in Berlin at ten at night. "Not expected there till the morrow; so that his rooms were "locked, — her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her "children a Ball;"* — and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness; which went and came: "changed temper," deeper or less deep gloom of "bad humour," being the main phenomenon to bystanders. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onwards he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse; and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been! —

* Pöllnitz, ii. 537.

CHAPTER VII.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND
OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

FRIEDRICH had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen, when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors, of brilliant and learned quality; some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time, — coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers: one of those half-remembered men, whose Books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given. Treatises, of a serious nature, *On the Opera*; setting forth, in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we cannot, without effort, nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in

20th-25th Sept. 1739.

his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (*Rime*); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian); — and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his Divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then labouring, Divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: everywhere a clearheaded, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him, too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies, — really with considerable prudence, first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type; a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld; but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's; and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld. Concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld; though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas, our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither, — as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner! One cannot well bear to read his Books. There is no light upon Friedrich to tempt

us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it: but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings; but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous, in those departments — Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us! — Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past, on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, "an English Milord," recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg; the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up, I know not: but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two: and now, getting home towards England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather; — and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief, in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:* there was copious speech on many things; — discussion about Printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel*; Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his *Engraved Henriade* put under way; neither of which projects took effect; — readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own

* 20-25th September 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. p. xlv.).

words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25th Sept. 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * * that "nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have "few sick. Here has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, "passed through" (stayed five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). "He is gone towards Hamburg, to take ship for England there. "As I heard that my Most All-gracious Father wished I "should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. "The Prince of Mirow has also been here," — our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26th September 1739 (To Suhm). "We have had "Milord Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti; both of "them men who, by their accomplishments, cannot but conciliate the esteem and consideration of all who see them. "We talked much of you" (Suhm), "of Philosophy, of Science, "Art; in short, of all that can be included in the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*)."* And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10th October 1739 (To Voltaire). "We have "had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back "to England. This Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*); who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks "like us, that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, "nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired the genius of "this *Anglais*, as one does a fine face through a crape veil.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 378.

"He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possibility of following him. He calls a Russian 'a mechanical animal.' He says, 'Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilised countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling.'* ** Young Algarotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised that he" — But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais*. And indeed there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore; *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th; beginning,

"L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre," —

which, though it is full of fine sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître*, we do not know: probably not much; it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich writing to Algarotti, has these words: "I pray you make my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has, by this time, got my *Epître* on the English Liberty of Thought."**

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 326, 327.

** 29th October 1739, To Algarotti in London (*Œuvres*, xviii. 5).

And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth, — though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times, as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disc, I have made some inquiry about Baltimore; but found very little; — perhaps enough:

“He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; Sixth, and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618—1624), who colonised Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes (‘now of extreme rarity,’ — cannot be too rare); and winded up by standing an ugly Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate-female). After which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these Milords.*

“He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles; but his Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had travelled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Lunéville and Lorraine, along with Lyttelton, in the Congress-of-Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred; who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which situation Charles Sixth Baron Baltimore continued all his days after; and might have risen by means of Fred,

* Walpole (by Park): *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

"as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived; but they both died, Baltimore first, in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent labourer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore, — who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style, while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! 'The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge,' Walpole calls him once: 'but not capable of conducting a party.' " * Oh no; — and died, at any rate, Spring 1751: ** and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors, came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's Hôtel people; Masonic friends; one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. "Baron von Oberg" was the other; — Hanoverian Baron: the same who went into the Wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all; except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg,

* Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), li. 175: 27th January 1747. See *ib.* i. 82.

** *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), li. 172-174.

and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind: but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form; and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader; and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks), — likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger*; and makes no solid impression.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters; — and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted; "Bridge furnished," he says, "with seven Statues representing the seven "Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form of a globe;" — which is a pretty object in the night-time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the

last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Frederick courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottoes, are very spacious, fine; not yet completed, — perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand, somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: "twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punchbowl for "dome;" that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion, "bushy eyebrows as well as beard are black."*

Or did the reader ever hear of "M. Fredersdorf," Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part, in coming years. "A tall "handsome man;" much "silent sense, civility, dexterity;" something "magnificently clever in him," thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterwards); whom we can believe.** He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment, at Frankfurt on the Oder — excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich, in the Cüstrin time; hoping

* Bielfeld (abridged), i. 45.

** Ib. p. 49.

he might suit in fluting and otherwise. Which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought; but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities: — Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

“Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might ‘copy; complexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I ‘confess, smallish and pointed, but excellent of that kind; ‘hair of the supremest flaxen, ‘shining’ like a flood of sun-beams, when the powder is off it. A humane ingenuous ‘Princess; little negligences in toilette or the like, if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they. Speaks ‘little; but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful and ‘wise way. Dances beautifully; heart (her soubrette assures ‘me) is heavenly; — and ‘perhaps no Princess living has a “finer set of diamonds.”

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb, to this effect. But of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says: — this is mere cobweb with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he “whirls in with uproar “(*fracas*) like Boreas in the Ballet;” fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his “dressing-gown” withal, which is still stranger; snatches off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to

sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, "talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, "Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War," while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait; — otherwise, how happy that we never had the honour of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern onlooker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert; — and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got up aforethought by the Prince; which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. These fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind; but what little they do leave is of favourable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam, too: saw the giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam; with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks, we easily pick out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's-Hôtel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty, at a barn-door in Pommern, not long since. Of the giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing, — worth suppressing rather; — his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person; this, which is worth something to us, — fact being evidently lodged in it. "After "church-parade," Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty

drove out to Wusterhausen, "where the quantities of game "surpass all belief;" and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

"I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may "judge by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty "in his young time; but it must be confessed there is nothing "left of it now. His eyes truly are fine; but the glance of "them is terrible: his complexion is composed of the strongest "tints of red, blue, yellow, green," — not a lovely complexion at all; "big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; "figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*)." *

"Going out to Wusterhausen," then, that afternoon, "October 1739." How his Majesty is crushed down; quite bulged out of shape in that sad way, by the weight of Time and its pressures: his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him; Pfalz, and so much else in the world; — the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand and mournful, closing in upon him! —

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and as it were panic terror, having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing; Franz, General Neipperg and

* Bielfeld, p. 85.

others; and now, "2d September 1739," like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east, — Belgrad without shot fired; — nay the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor, and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion! — Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step: — not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken me, then, since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace; glad to have it, by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy. And now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us, — threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for any thing we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied; — whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity. A Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced, in late years; who has played a huge life-game so long, diplomatising, warring; and except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part. But there was no help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let go this Western skirt of the Turk; and "Thamas Kouli Khan" (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but "has entered India," it appears: the Russians, — their cash, too, running low, — do themselves make peace, "about a month after;" restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests; putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then; but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

"*London, 19th February 1739.* The City Authorities," — laying or going to lay "the foundation of the Mansion-House" (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, "had a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid appearance at the "Masquerade: but among the many humorous and whimsical "characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a "Spaniard, who called himself 'Knight of the Ear;' as Badge "of which Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with "its points tinged in blood; and on the body of it an Ear "painted, and in capital letters the word JENKINS encircling it.

"Across his shoulder there hung, instead of ribbon, a large
 "Halter; which he held up to several persons dressed as Eng-
 "lish Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and falling
 "on their knees suffered him to rummage their pockets; which
 "done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his
 "halter. Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging
 "down from their heads; and on their hats were these words,
 "*Ear for Ear*; on others, *No Search or No Trade*; with the
 "like sentences." * The conflagration evidently going on;
 not likely to be damped down again, by ministerial art! —

"*London, 19th March 1739.*" Grand Debate in Parliament,
 on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress
 lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not ap-
 prove? "A hundred Members were in the House of Commons
 "before seven, this morning; and four hundred had taken
 "their seat by ten; which is an unheard-of thing. Prince of
 "Wales," Fred in person, was in the gallery till twelve at
 "night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole
 "rose: 'Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence
 "'all ranks and degrees of men in this Nation — * * But give
 "'me leave to'" — apply a wet cloth to Honourable Gentlemen.
 Which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the
 others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared:
 Kaiser at such a pass; "War like to be, about the Palatinate
 "Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): "Where is Eng-
 "land to get allies?" — and hours long of the like sort. A
 judicious wet cloth; which proved unavailing.

For "William Pitts" (so they spell the great
 Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side:

* *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103; — our dates, as always, are N. S.

"Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed: Palatinate? Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers everywhere!" And in short, — after eight months more of haggling, and applying wet cloths, — Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare War against Spain: * the public humour proving unquenchable on that matter. War; and no Peace to be, "till our undoubted right," to roadway on the oceans of this Planet, become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire — as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn! Enough of it, for the time being. —

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias: "July 14th, 1739," — three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick; our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law; — a noticeably small man in

* "3d November (23d October) 1739."

comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example! *

"Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty;" says one of my Notebooks; "a young gentleman of small stature, shining "courage in battle, but somewhat shy and bashful; who has "had his troubles in Petersburg society, till the triumph came, — and will have. Here are the stages of Anton Ulrich's "felicity:

"*Winter 1732—3.* He was sent for to Petersburg (his "serene Aunt the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's "diplomats, suggesting it there), with the view of his paying "court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the "Russias, of whom we have often heard. February 1733, he "arrived on this errand; — not approved of at all by the "Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne or anybody there: "what can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? "They gave him a Colonelcy of Cuirassiers: 'Drill there, and "endure.'

"*Spring 1737.* Much-enduring, diligently drilling, for "four years past, he went this year to the Turk War under "Münnich; — much pleased Münnich, at Oczakow and elsewhere; who reports in the War-Office high things of him. "And on the whole, — the serene Vienna people now again "bestirring themselves, with whom we are in copartnery in "this Turk Business, — little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to "proceed. Proceeds; formally demands his Mecklenburg "Princess; and,

"*July 14th, 1739,* weds her; the happiest little man in all "the Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper.

* A Letter of his to Suhm; touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

"Next year, too, there came a son and heir; whom they called
"Iwan, in honour of his Russian Great-grandfather. Shall we
"add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich here; or wait
"till another opportunity?"

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his
Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that
afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know! —

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

AT Wusterhausen, this Autumn, there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within doors, for most part; listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumour from without: for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing; — that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November, he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better; — strove to do the Carnival, as had been customary; but, in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening-party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home, chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.* Lieutenant-General Schulenburg: the same who doomed young Friedrich to death, as President of the Court Martial; and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into: illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society, — Carnival Season 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London, — I

* Pöllnitz (ii. 537); who gives no date.

think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not! Memory, for the tenth time, fails me, of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkys should forget; and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant-General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed, — bed and wheeled-chair drearily alternating; — suffers much; and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumours are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business; perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden weary hours roll round as they can. In general there is a kind of constant Tabaks-Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man; and will smart for it if they enter, — "At sight of him every pain grows painfuller!" — the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep up a stream of talk; if at

any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst off in the night; sleep very bad: and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table, in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, gluepots, where he makes small carpentry, — the talk to go on the while; — often at night is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade; and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "*Im, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!*"* — Reverend Herr Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record: for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the

* Pöllnitz, II. 539.

thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns, with a kind of horror, "Down, thou impious thought!" — We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanour, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens; — let us hope the crisis is still far off! —

Once, on a favourable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco-Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there, through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco-Parliament:

"A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from Reinsberg:* an unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise for anybody; and they

* 12th April 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.

"have risen. Which struck the sick heart in a strange painful way. 'Hm, the Rising Sun?' thinks he; 'Rules broken through, for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!' ringing for his servants in great wrath; and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. 'Hither, you Hacke!' said he.

"Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the King's order, 'That you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't come back!' Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a Gensdarme, 'No admittance!' And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other." * Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities!

With the bright Spring weather he seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!" The May-flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer; and brought great distress of every kind; — of which some oral rumour still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wil-

* Pöllnitz (abridged), ii. 540.

helm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused; unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world, — which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. "Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut

the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well, — is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!" — Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin. — "Oppression? was it not their benefit, as well as Berlin's and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau. For all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honour, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General." — "I will prove everything before a Court," answers the Herr General with still harder face; Roloff still austere shaking his head. Hm! — And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven?" "Well I will, I do; you Feekin, write to your

Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him." — Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff. — "No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature, — that will be safer!* An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest "Christian man."**

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King; and stayed in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only "May." Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is "Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers," and the other is "Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger," each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance;*** which are to the

* Wrote accordingly, "not able to finish without many tears:" honest sensible Letter (though indifferently spelt), "Berlin, 1st June 1740;" — lies now in State Paper Office: "*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689-1777."

** *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ("found among the Seckendorf Papers," no date but "May 1740"), in Förster, ii. 154, 155; in a fragmentary state: completed in Pöllnitz, ii. 545-549.

*** Cochius the *Hofprediger's* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them "Friday, 27th May 1740, about 9 P.M."); followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius, — are in Seyfart, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783-1788), i. (Beilage) 24-40. Seyfart was 'Regiments-Auditor' in Halle: his

same effect, so far as they concern us; and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature, looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. "Wa, "Wa, what great God is this, that pulls down the "strength of the strongest Kings!" —

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up whenever possible; rolls about in his wheeled-chair, and even gets into the air: at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich at Reinsberg corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he cannot bring himself to think it serious.*

On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *roll-*

Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious *Beylagen* (Appendices) and *Notes*; which are creditably accurate, and often curious; and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

* Letter to Eller, 25th May 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi. 184).

wagen (wheeled-chair), — not dying; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom of English and other Horses are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all bystanders and even Philips weep. — Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral; a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here.*

* Copy of it, in Seyfart (*ubi supra*), i. 19-24. Translated in Mauvillon (ll. 432-437); in &c. &c.

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired "*nicht plackeren*"), so many cannon salvoes; — and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements; he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well *there*," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall in here, that there, in the attitude of "cover arms" (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded); a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night, that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, "about nine o'clock."

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit

him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*" And more than once, in deep tone: "Lord, enter not "into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight "shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as

he much loved it, are these words, "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go," — "No," said he "always, with vivacity," at this passage; "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:" Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. "The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg," — Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities, — "was wont to relate this."*

Tuesday, 31st May, "about one in the morning," Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers." — "Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world." Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand; adieu then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand, who was killed at Jena; concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities; but went far a-roving, into radicalism, into romantic love,

* Büsching (in 1786): *Beyträge*, iv. 100.

31st May 1740.

into champagne; and was cut down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting, — perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Fee-kin, Oh my Fee-kin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: "'It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me "as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue "mantle thrown round him." He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "take that other, I will warrant him a good one!"

The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay, nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration, at considerable length; old General Bredow repeating it aloud,* sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak; so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favour of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Ambassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son as you were to me" — and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must first be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed and sealed, — the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas, before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labour, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the *Wachtparade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time.** After which new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about

* Pöllnitz, li. 561.

** Paull, viii. 280.

eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervour, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain; — rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest; — though perhaps he said several things, "ugly face," "as good as dead already;" and continued the inspection for some moments.* A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last." — "Alas, not long," answered Pitsch. — "Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?" — "The pulse is gone!" — "Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; "in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein*

* Pöllnitz, II. 564; Wilhelmina, II. 321.

"*Gewinn*).” These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labours, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff; — I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan and other species of "Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunkey populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? "Would give," I have written; but alas, it ought to have been "*should* give." What *they* "would" give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballotboxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards! — Tuesday, 31st May 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday, 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin,

on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin-lid is screwed down: Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberts lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial, — carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.* It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done, — hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him: very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigour; only adding what musical

* Pauli, viii. 281.

and other splendours are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it; — and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left. In all points, even to the extensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the three appointed casks of wine, “the best wine in my cellar.” Adieu, O King.

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not “*plackering*,” as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner liquor and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke; and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, of not inhuman height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splayfooted eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King’s or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished up from the sea of nugatory matter; and meditated on by readers, till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away for ever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory, — the lost Loved One all 'in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! — This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: "We have left under "silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: "readers must have some indulgence for the faults of "the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a "Father."* All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

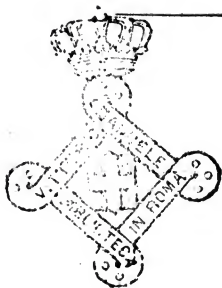
In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; "embraces his knees;" offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation; — hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making "change: in your posts, yes; — and as to authority, I

* *Œuvres*, i. 175 (*Mém. de Brandebourg*; finished about 1747).

"know of none there can be but what resides in the "King that is sovereign!" Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard, was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping: Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, "half-dressed, with "dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself." "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King. — "*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he "suffered; but he was here with us: and now —!"*

* Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.



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